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The Stratford company
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To My

FATHER AND MOTHER

Whose chief interest has always been their two sons.

What a square!

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Introduction

IT IS strangely characteristic of the great American public that it knows less about those institutions in which it is mostly interested and concerned and which mean more to it than, perhaps, in many other things not affecting its life, happiness, health, and mental growth so vitally. To the vast majority of people the church is a place to go on Sundays, a place at which brilliant weddings are held, and the place where the rites for beloved deceased are pronounced. Beyond this, the church has little meaning to the great multitudes. They know little of the details connected with its beginning and early history, the part it has played in the making of civilization, its present scope, and future possibilities.

In the same way, there is a certain vagueness attached to other great American institutions. Most parents know that it is considered the proper thing to enter their children in the schools at the age of six or seven — why this particular age, many could not explain. When their offspring have gone through the grammar grades and completed high school, some see and realize the importance of a college or a university education and provide such; others do not. And because so many are being denied or voluntarily refuse to take this higher education, the progress of civilization is accordingly slowed up.

And on and on this might be carried to show just how much apathy there is with reference to knowledge and interest in the great and moving forces for progress, education, and the satisfaction of a desire for personal pleasure. But the author will stop here in the hope that this may be

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sufficient to arouse the reader's interest to the point of thinking the thing through to his own satisfaction. One other word in this connection, however, must be said, and may it be taken as an introduction to the pages that follow.

Of all the great institutions known to civilized man of today, there is none greater, doing a nobler and higher mission, and with it bringing so much genuine pleasure as the magazine. Read this minute, cast aside the next; always new — millions of words of untold merit pour forth from the press each week and month; low in price, yet rich in quality — the modern periodicals are accomplishing so much and with it furnishing such fascinating enjoyment that the magazine may justly be termed an institution — a very powerful institution.

But just as with the church and schools, and other institutions that might have been mentioned, little, so to speak, is known of the magazine, the various kinds; their appeals; editors, what they do and what they are like; the writers, their personalities, struggles, and victories; the possibilities in the magazine field; and the many problems attached to writing, some of which are easy to solve, others more difficult. It was with the hope of shedding light on these topics mentioned that this volume was written. The author is vain enough to say that he believes that a reading of this work will be valuable and instructive to anyone who can devote the time to it; that a study of it will possibly be profitable to the student in journalism or the profession of writing who would care to know the bits of knowledge that may be in the pages that follow. At any rate, for what they are worth, the intentions in the writing of this book were to fill a gap which seemed to exist, and, if possible, to contribute something which is ultimately designed to make

the world a little more intelligent, and with this intelligence, a little more happy.

And before closing this introduction, the author takes this opportunity to thank the students in the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism of the University of Georgia who so valuably aided in various ways in the preparation of facts for the manuscript. They are: Irvin P. Myerson, John D. Allen, Lester Hargrett, Fee Kamensky, Amélia Dornblatt, J. C. Bonner, M. S. Cook, Emma Plaster, F. S. Stewart, Edward P. Lawton, Jr., and S. A. Wilson.

If through this sincere effort, the "germ" of writing, either dormant or ineffectively active, may be awakened or directed in paths that will mean the beginning of a journey the end of which is a successful author or article writer, the fondest hopes of the undersigned will be more than realized.

J. E. D.

Athens, Georgia.

Acknowledgments

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CHAPTER I

The Magazine, an Institution

MILLIONS of people the world over read the magazine; few realize and appreciate its real significance — the part it plays in the dissemination and distribution of knowledge on such subjects as current events, science, art, the stage, music, fiction, and personalities — subjects about which every person who makes any pretension of education must know something. And even beyond this, the magazine and its editors have done much towards the betterment of living conditions and the progress of civilization in general.

For example, to one editor, Edward Bok, who made such a remarkable success with The Ladies' Home Journal, goes the credit for completely remodeling American home architecture from the ornately embellished unuseful thing it was to the practical, yet beautiful style now in vogue; for bringing about the abolition of the old style unsanitary railway Pullman and parlor cars and in their places the substitution of the simpler and more modern car of today; for conducting a campaign which resulted in the elimination of unsightly advertising sign boards from places of great beauty and grandeur, including Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon; for carrying articles which brought within the reach of the great reading public an intimate knowledge of the White House, its occupants, and other great men, whose philosophy of life is so readily devoured, but which prior to this time had never been divulged; for his great

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service to the American Mother in conducting a department which better prepared her for doing full justice to the new life about which she knew so little; for conducting a campaign of exposure which resulted in leading magazines and newspapers refusing to carry advertisements of disreputable patent medicines; for convincing parents of the necessity of teaching their children something about sex and the origin of life—a subject which heretofore had been veiled in a kind of mystery which allowed the child to grow up in ignorance often bringing it to a calamitous crisis; for exposing the great evil and havoc brought about by venereal diseases including the facts that seventy out of every one hundred special surgical operations on women were on this account, and sixty out of every one hundred new born blinded babies were blinded in the same way; for causing to be brought to bear such pressure on the President of the United States and the Governor-General of Canada that in 1906 the Burton Bill was passed restricting water power usage of Niagara Falls, thus saving to posterity the beauty and grandeur of one of the seven wonders of the world; and for setting an example in suburban beauty with his own town, Marion, Pennsylvania, an example which has meant the beautifying and expansion of many of the country's more important cities.

And to a great or lesser degree, other editors through their magazines are rendering to the public this same notable all important service.

The magazine is perhaps the greatest single institution in America today. Its greatness as an institution lies in that it is a powerful factor in the education of a great commonwealth, and at the same time is one of the chief methods of pleasurable recreation and entertainment.

The Magazine, an Institution

American magazines, generally speaking, may be divided into two great classes, viz: informative and entertaining. This division is in no wise a new one because in the days when magazines were first beginning to make their appearance it was evident that some of the periodicals were published to educate the public while others served only to entertain. And today, as during that earlier day, the demarkation is by no means fixed. Many informative magazines are entertaining, and many periodicals belonging to the entertaining group carry informative features. The group into which a magazine falls is best determined by judging the nature of the greater part of its contents; if this is informative, it belongs to this class, and if entertaining, then to that class.

It was in the last half of the nineteenth century that the American magazine became for the first time a thoroughly well-organized part of American literature. In this country as soon as there began to be a literature at all, it was through the weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals that it found its way to the public. This, perhaps, was the beginning of the magazine as an institution. When the United States acquired the Pacific coast and began to expand westward there was no rapid means of communication between the more densely settled communities and the newly explored territory. The people in the mining camps and settlers' cabins began to develop a need for literature which only magazines could satisfy.

The Atlantic Monthly and Harper's were the pioneer magazines that have served as models for all others which followed up to the present day. It is, therefore, to these that we owe the establishment of the magazine as an institution. These magazines influenced the thought and the life

of the first pioneers of the country. Their purpose was to give information and in so doing they served as schools and instructors to these isolated people, giving them an education they could not have acquired otherwise. It is easy to picture those sturdy settlers reading sketches and short stories so human and real that they might have well imagined that they were reading in print of their own lives.

After the Civil War it was left to these same magazines to introduce the transformed South and bring out the new writers. This not only gave the South its place in literature but by rendering a great service to the cause of the American reunion and welding together of the states of the country, the magazine again proved its value as a great institution. It has continued as such until today the magazine holds an undisputed place in American thought and culture.

Magazines now have special departments devoted to problems of education and science, and present new information and explanation about scientific discoveries and inventions; all of which takes the place of the elementary instruction in the first magazines. Today its diversity of articles covers every phase of problems that daily confront the multitude, It informs, argues, interprets, discusses, entertains and, most important of all, inspires. Furthermore it is true that a part of the greatest fiction of the last half century has been introduced to the public serially before appearing in book form, and some of the best books of verse are collections of magazine poems.

The readers, of course, are the determining factors of literature and certainly their demands now overwhelmingly are for magazines. The boundless information of the magazine serves as a real encyclopedia of the living world thus

satisfying man's natural curiosity and desire for knowledge; but the greatest influence of the magazine today is in its ability to confront truth — to see life as it is. As one author describes it: "Fiction in its higher function is the critical interpretation of life"; and it was when fiction came into its own that a fresh and mighty impulse was given to periodical literature.

To inform the mind, then, and to cultivate and entertain the intellectual and moral nature are the functions of the magazine as an institution; and so long as it does this, its position is secure.

CHAPTER II

A History of the Magazine

UNACQUAINTED with the history of the magazine one might imagine that it has had a long and illustrious line of ancestry because today the number of publications that come under this head is multitudinous. Yet the chronicle of the magazine in its present form, and as a type periodical filling a particular sphere, would extend back over a period hardly more than a century, so recently had that sphere been defined. Indeed, the period might be cut into halves and still be within the limits of truth. By far the larger number of magazines existing today were founded during the last fifty years.

Obviously, the reason for this latter-day development of what is now pre-eminently an American institution lies in the marvelous development of printing which in the last few decades has made the art indispensable to modern civilization. Printing can now be done so cheaply and so speedily that almost any group or sect seeking an avenue of publicity may easily set up in business, adding its rivulet to the ocean of opinion. And thus a new magazine is born.

Our predecessors were handicapped by the lack of many inventions that are commonplaces today, a handicap which may have operated in the interest of their peace of mind. At any rate, magazines with them were few. Their first taste of the novelty came with The Gentleman's Magazine, a rare fruit which was first served to the public in

1731 by Cave, a London bookseller. Cave was the first to use the word, "magazine."

Preceding The Gentleman's Magazine, The Tatler and The Spectator were foremost among a group of publications which may be called the forerunners of the modern magazine. They, however, were but rudimentary. Consisting of but a single essay, they were published at irregular intervals and only in form would now be recognizable as magazines.

Theophaste Renaudtot during 1633 published in France a periodical which contained simply an account of his conferences concerning literature and science. This publication was the first to come out periodically but it could not be called a magazine in the modern sense, nor was it so called then.

However, in 1663 the historian, Mezeray, probably working from the idea of Renaudtot, proposed a weekly journal to "make known what was happening in the republic of letters," thus hinting at the magazine idea. But his proposal came to nothing more than perhaps to start the idea. A year later Denis de Sallo published a magazine, distributing the first number January 1, 1665, containing reviews of new books, obituary notices, reports of scientific discoveries and general information of interest to the learned world. This periodical which was called Mercury de France was suppressed several times due to its freedom in criticizing books and church affairs but has nevertheless continued to the present day. The magazine idea, then, it might be said, started first in France.

The Scots (or Edinburgh) Magazine appeared some years after Cave's pioneer effort. In 1749, however, the trend of journalism took a new turn with the appearance of

The Monthly Review, a periodical whose sole purpose was to present a current view and criticism of literature. The Critical Review, another English publication, soon made its debut. It also was devoted to literature as, to a large extent, were the Edinburgh Review, 1802, and The Quarterly Review, 1809. None of these journals could properly be called magazines according to the accepted definition of the word. Their subject matter was very dissimilar to that found in the magazines of today, devoid of many of its now common-place features; nevertheless, they paved the way.

So-called magazines were also published in Germany from 1663 on, and the first scientific journal was published in that country in 1670.

Andrew Bradford, probably receiving his idea from Franklin, published the first periodical in America in 1741 called the American Magazine. Three days after this magazine appeared Franklin published The Gentleman's Magazine. Neither of these publications lived more than a few months at that time.

In 1877 The American Magazine started the modern idea of having matter of interest to a very large number, gaining large subscription circulations and, therefore, much advertising. From that time on numerous others sprang up along the same plan. It is noticeable that The Ladies' Home Journal, published in 1883 by Curtis, was the first magazine of that type having large pages and a major interest for women.

In 1813 The Analectic Magazine was founded, and this was the first American magazine to secure foreign material for its columns. The North American Review, 1815, was of a similar type but used material gathered from American contributors.

By 1820 the magazine began to take on its true character with the founding of Blackwood's Magazine, followed by Fraser's Magazine in 1830. These two periodicals gave a literary atmosphere to this branch of journalism, and in them the staid and prim review and the more buoyant magazine began to approach each other.

Bentley's Miscellany, 1837, the first example in America of the light fiction magazine, was soon followed by a great development of that type, both at home and abroad. Four of the most outstanding were Household Words (edited by Dickens), Chambers' Journal, Once A Week, and All The Year Round, titles which are somewhat suggestive of their scope.

With the founding of the Atlantic Monthly in 1858, followed by Thackeray's Cornhill Magazine in 1860, the magazine as a special branch of journalism took on a new appearance. Harper's, Scribner's, St. Nicholas, McClure's, Munsey's, The Century, — these are but a few of the many periodicals that came into the field. The review, also, became in substance more like its 20th century successor. The Fortnightly Review, The Contemporary Review, and The Nineteenth Century Review, all founded during this period, were monthly periodicals, much like the serious, instructive publications of today.

Approximately 1,500 magazines are now published in the United States. Most of them are devoted to special interests, trade, or professional. Only about one hundred of the total are literary magazines, and of this one hundred by far the larger number are worthless.

CHAPTER III

The Informative Magazine

WITH THE consideration of the informative magazine, not only the older of the two groups of periodicals, but a type of magazine which has contributed to American and world civilization editors who have been leaders in thought and directing genii in the progress of nations is taken up. Falling into this category are the present day names of such illustrious persons as Albert Shaw, Edward Bok, Glenn Frank, Lyman Abbott, Arthur W. Page, Bruce Barton, Dr. Frank Crane, Ellery Sedgwick, John Farrar, George Harvey, George Harvey Payne, and others.

The informative magazine is the older of the two suggested groups, it having made its appearance during the first part of the eighteenth century. It was in 1741 that what today is called the magazine was begun in the United States; and what is often true in the birth of any new industry or profession, regarding rivalry and strife, was true in the case of the magazine. Andrew Bradford and Benjamin Franklin, both of Philadelphia, in January, 1741, began the publication of America's first magazines. The newspapers of that day had carried the usual advance notices of the approaching appearance of the new works, and it was with these announcements that the cut-throat work of the two publishers began. Franklin declared that Bradford had stolen the idea from him and when the first issues were out, Franklin did not hesitate to ridicule the work of his

competitor. But while Franklin said harsh things about the work of his rival, we have no record of his being highly pleased with his own literary endeavor; certainly he did not refer to it in his autobiography.

Although both of these magazines suspended after a few issues had been published, it is to these that the beginning of the informative magazine must be traced.

Even in the earliest history of the magazine, it was divided into a number of departments. An issue of The New England Magazine, published in 1758, carried the following list of contents written in a peculiar verse style which gives an insight into the content of some of the earlier periodicals:

"Old fashioned writings and select essays,
Queer Notions, Useful Hints, Extracts from plays;
Relations Wonderful and Psalm and Song,
Good Sense, Wit, Humour, Morals all *ding dong;*
Poems and Speeches, Politiks and News,
What Some Will Like and some refuse;
Births, Deaths, and Dreams and Apparitions, Too;
With Some Thing Suited to each different Geu (gout?)
To Humor *Him,* and *Her,* and *Me,* and *You.*"

New departments were constantly being added, and the editor of the Massachusetts Magazine was typical of most of the editors of that day in demanding that all new departments must be popular. Appeal to the readers' interest was the goal set by all editors of the eighteenth century, and after all the passing of years has brought little change in this respect.

Periodicals of the early part of the eighteenth century were practically all of the informative type. The editors of this period felt it their mission to educate their readers. In a way it might be said that they considered themselves the torch bearers of a new nation. To popularize literature and education in the states where few books were read and almost none were published was their chief purpose. To these editors disseminating news of improved ways of doing things among people who would never hear of them otherwise was their highest calling. Nor did editors or contributors apparently have any desire to exploit themselves. Anonymity was the rule of the day.

Naturally the informative type of magazine includes the larger number of periodicals because in this great group are found all the trade journals and periodicals with a special appeal, scientific, business, or otherwise. The periodicals of this kind are far too multitudinous to enumerate, but for clarity, it may be said that among them are The Ice Cream Review, The Linotype News, Printers' Ink, The Hardware Dealer, The Fourth Estate, The Butter, Cheese, and Egg Journal, The Milk Dealer, The Elks Magazine, The Kappa Alpha Journal, Women's Wear, Men's Wear, and hundreds of others.

Even exclusive of those having a special appeal, the magazines of the informative type having a general appeal are so great in number that only those more conspicuous ones can be considered. It is with this in mind that the author has endeavored to choose such magazines that to him and others intimate which magazines seem to tower above all the rest.

THE LITERARY DIGEST

The Literary Digest is a weekly publication of the informative type, published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York City. It is strictly a nonpartisan organ, the mouthpiece of no creed or party, attempting through its various departments to combine the latest news in politics and world happenings and the important developments in the realms of art, literature, science, and religion with no editorial expressions upon those subjects, except as quoted from other newspapers or periodicals.

In its present form, The Literary Digest is combined with Public Opinion, formerly a separate periodical. There are both London and New York offices. The Digest is now in its seventy-fifth volume,[1] and through its long record of service has reached a unique position in the journalistic world. It stands supreme in its particular sphere, that of unprejudiced, unbiased organs of public opinion. Such weight does it carry that its occasional polls on subjects of national importance, such as the prohibition issue, are looked upon as certain, almost final, indications of public opinion.

More than being an organ of opinion on subjects of nation-wide interest, however, The Literary Digest also carries departments which have a special interest for special types of readers. In these it continues its policy of presenting both sides of the question at issue in a fair and adequate manner. Hence, no faction, whether political, religious, or intellectual, may honestly assert prejudice by The Literary Digest for or against its cause.

[1] 1923

These departments are twelve in number in the regular editions, to which in special numbers, others are added. Feature editions often appear, and in them most complete and thorough knowledge on the subject of the feature is given. The regular features are Topics of the Day, Foreign Comment, Science and Invention, Letters and Art, Religion and Social Service, Current Poetry, Personal Glimpses, Investments and Finance, Current Events, The Spice of Life, Radio (semi-regular), and the Lexicographer's Easy Chair. Each of these departments will be briefly discussed, in order as they appear, and its functions analyzed.

But before doing this it is necessary to state the method used by The Digest of presenting the news. Whatever the subject, extracts from a number of representative papers are woven together into one article, in which every shade of opinion is expressed. These are prefaced with a lead, in which the topic and its issues are stated briefly. This method is used in every department where it is applicable.

Topics of The Day is that section of The Digest which deals with all subjects of national and international interest. For instance, in that department in one issue these headlines appeared: The Dry and Wet Election Arguments, John and Jonathan At The Three-Mile Limit, A Soldier-Labor Alliance, Lloyd George Sword In Hand, Ten Years More Of High Prices? Representative newspapers from which opinions are quoted are: The Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger, New York Times, New York World, Washington Star, Newark Evening News, Christian Science Monitor, Providence Journal, Chicago Evening Post, Brooklyn Citizen, Chicago Journal, Pittsburgh Sun, St. Paul Pioneer Press, New York Telegraph, New Haven

Courier-Journal. Many public men also are often quoted, but usually indirectly through the medium of other publications. This is one of the largest and most important sections in the Literary Digest.

Topics in Brief, which is filmed under the title, "Fun From the Press," is a collection of pithy, to-the-point paragraphs gleaned from the editorial columns of dailies and weeklies. They are semi-humorous and usually touch upon topics of the day. Papers often quoted are: The Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Toledo Blade, Fresno Republican, Dallas News, New York World, Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, San Diego Tribune, New York American, Cincinnati Enquirer, Philadelphia Public Ledger, Pasadena Post, New York Tribune, Ohio State Journal, Kansas State Star, Detroit Free Press, Columbia Record, Punch, Pittsburgh Dispatch, Indianapolis Star, etc.

Foreign Comment is very similar in style to Topics of the Day. Its subjects, however, are international in interest. Often expressions of opinion towards the United States by foreign commentators are given. Foreign papers are most frequently quoted, among them being the Boersen Zeitung, Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, Journal des Debats, Paris Matin, Paris Echo National, Paris Eclair Journal, Echo de Paris, The Liberte, Rome Messagero, The Paese, Manchester Guardian, London Times, London Sphere, etc.

The department of Science and Invention tells of the latest developments in those fields, with comments upon the importance of the developments. The Radio Department is really a sub-department of Science and Invention, but is sometimes given a separate and a more prominent position. Only reputable, reliable periodicals dealing with

such subjects are quoted, some of which are American Forestry, The Railway Age, Farm Mechanics, American Medicine, Shipping, Science Service, Science News Bulletin, Radio Broadcast, Popular Mechanics, etc.

In the department of Letters and Art matters pertaining to literature, drama, music, fine-arts, education, and culture are handled. The scope is not restricted to America; this department is international in that developments in these fields, in whatever country they may come to light, are dealt with. Literary critics, and critics of music and art, are frequently quoted, as well as newspapers and magazines. Among the latter are The New York World, New York Tribune, The Atlantic Monthly, The Bookman, etc.

Religion and Social Service is similar in its make-up to Letters and Art. Here religious and social subjects are discussed through excerpts from other papers, each and every side of the argument getting a full hearing. Here, as elsewhere, The Digest maintains its attitude of impartiality. This is a very important department in that it stimulates thought along lines that are often neglected, or would be neglected. The New York World, The Living Church, The American Hebrew, The Yale Review, The Baptist Courier, and many other denominational and daily papers are quoted.

Current Poetry is a page devoted to verse. Selections from magazines and papers of the best and latest in poetry are printed. Sometimes also contributions are published. Each poem is preceded by an introductory or explanatory paragraph. Publications from which selections are frequently taken are: The New York Times, American Poetry, Poetry, The Century, Nation, The Quest, The London Times, The Boston Transcript, etc.

Personal Glimpses is different from the department of Foreign Comment or other departments for the reason that it deals entirely with people. Its subjects usually are men and women who stand out in their chosen fields, or, for some reason or other, are unique. In a way, it is a study in human nature. A hobo, if he is celebrated, has an equal chance of appearing in the columns of this department as has a millionaire or an artist. The stories are gleaned from other news organs, often daily papers. Sometimes, however, extracts from biographies are used. This department has the same news sources in general, as have the other sections.

Reviews of New Books, not a regular feature of The Digest, as its name implies, is devoted to a review of the latest books of various types. Matter for this department is written by a member of the editorial staff.

Investments and Finance deals impartially with important financial questions of either national or international interest. It presents, occasionally, analyses of the condition of trade. Sources from which it gathers material are, among others, Commerce Reports, The Wall Street Journal, The Manufacturer's Record, The Railway Age, etc.

Current Events is a paragraphic presentation of the chief happenings throughout the world for the week preceding the issue. Important news is condensed into paragraphs, each with a date-line prefixed and grouped under the heads of Foreign, Domestic. It is a brief synopsis of the news. This, also, is the work of a staff member.

The Spice of Life is the joke section. It consists of a column or more of jokes taken from the best newspapers and magazines. Jokes of every type, including the seven original ones, are found here. Publications from which

these are taken include Smith's Weekly, Life, The Passing Show, Judge, Chicago Post, London Daily News, Punch, Epworth Herald, London Answers, London Opinion, The Christian Advocate, The Argonaut, Manila Bulletin, London Mail, Pearson's Weekly, Syracuse Orange Peel, etc.

Last of the regular departments of The Literary Digest is the Lexicographer's Easy Chair. This section is devoted to the answering of questions, more especially those dealing with the correct spelling and pronunciation of words and the correct usage of certain words and phrases. It is a reliable judge and its decisions are considered as those of authority. The New Standard Dictionary is its criterion of correct usage of words.

Viewed by and large, The Literary Digest is a source from which important information on any subject may be gleaned. It has often been said that a liberal education may be had by anyone who will read The Digest regularly. This statement is borne out by the wide popularity of the periodical and the high character of its editing; for, though expressing no editorial opinion of its own, its editing of the opinions of others is a masterpiece of journalism. And thus it accomplishes its prime purpose of being a non-partisan, non-sectarian organ of opinion.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

It seems strange at first thought that The Ladies' Home Journal, the delightfully entertaining periodical that it is, should be called an informative magazine, but a moment's consideration more than justifies this classification. Immediately it is recalled that this is the work of none other than Edward Bok, and surely no one editor has done more for the educational betterment, moral purification, and civic

and national progress of his reading constituency than Mr. Bok.

The Ladies' Home Journal is a magazine containing informative features that entertain and entertaining features that are informative. It is a monthly, published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, of which company Cyrus H. Curtis is the president. This same company publishes The Saturday Evening Post and The Country Gentleman, besides owning an interest in the newspaper business. Barton W. Currie has been the editor of this magazine since the resignation three years ago of Edward Bok, who (Mr. Bok) is mainly responsible for the publication's prominent place in the world of journalism today. Assisting Mr. Currie as associates are Loring A. Schuler, Walter H. Dower, and Martha E. Dodson.

It seems like putting the cart before the horse to speak of what is in the back of the magazine before discussing what its front pages contain, but it is due to the great amount of highly paid advertising matter that this magazine is such a success in a financial way. It carries hundreds of pages of fine advertising; in fact, in one issue out of the about 220 pages only thirty were entirely free of advertisements. Reading matter is cleverly interwoven with the advertising matter in these two hundred pages. There are many full page and even double page advertisements, some in fine colored pictures. At the time Edward Bok resigned as editor of The Journal, the net advertising in one issue was placed at one million dollars. By reason of this wealth the magazine is sold for a very nominal sum of ten cents a copy.

The Ladies' Home Journal is essentially a magazine of the home. It is so arranged that it touches upon all the

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sides of home life. Besides excellent fiction, including a number of stories, both short and serial, there are articles dealing with cultural subjects such as music, literature, and art. Biography, reminiscences, travel, history, religion, and sociology all go to make it a very informative publication as well as a highly entertaining one. It is an intensely practical and useful magazine. A large amount of space is devoted to fashions and styles for women as well as needlecraft, embroidery, and all sorts of artcraft. There is a very fine pattern department in the women's realm, but vitally affecting the man's well-being and his happiness, which, by the way, is also influenced by things so palpably feminine as clothes and fripperies of *foolish* femininity. Next comes the cookery department where valuable recipes are found. House furnishings, plans and architectural drawings, and gardening are all given space in this magazine which is a true representation of what its name implies, and more. It is a magazine of refinement, an institution whose ramifications are far reaching beyond calculation or estimate.

Established in the City of Brotherly Love in 1883 by Cyrus Curtis, it was edited for a half a dozen years by his wife under the name of Mrs. Louisa Knapp; but its remarkable success began with the advent of Mr. Edward Bok in 1890. It is said that Mr. Bok introduced everybody to everybody else. Unknown wives of well known men, unknown husbands, famous daughters of famous mothers, how I wrote this and did that, autobiographies, reminiscences of all sorts of people from royalty down to absconding bank presidents — one touch of Mr. Bok made the whole world kin. He seemed to have an inexhaustible store. And the magazine throve under his wonderful direction; it did a

great deal in showing the other magazines that a good paper may be had at a low price.

Doubtless publicity had a great deal to do with Mr. Bok's success — he was a great master at publicity for his publication as well as personal publicity. He was the highest paid editor in America, and the youngest. This remarkable man, so much an American, was born in the Netherlands in 1863 coming to this country at the age of six. He received a public school education in Brooklyn, New York and was a stenographer from 1884 to 1888. At 19, he published the Brooklyn Magazine; he created and ran the Bok Syndicated Press; became editor of The Ladies' Home Journal in 1889; and was made vice-president of the Curtis Publishing Company in 1891.

He had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by Pope Pius. He married the daughter of Cyrus Curtis, and has two sons. Some of his writings are "The Young Man in Business," "Why I Believe in Being Poor," "Successward," and now his remarkable autobiography, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," the most widely selling non-fiction book on the market today. This biography is written in the third person about Edward Bok by Edward W. Bok and has already gone into its twenty-fifth edition in just two years. It is ranked with Franklin's autobiography and was awarded the Pulitzer prize for "being the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people illustrated by an eminent example."

Typical of the contents of The Ladies' Home Journal of today are the following numbers taken from a recent issue: The Hawkeye, a novel, by Herbert Quick; The Harp and the Trip Hammer, by Walter B. Pitkin; Snake and Hawk, by Stephen Vincent Benet; Silver Moon, a continued

novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott; The Vanishing American, a serial by Zane Grey; Little Winged Birds, So Happy, by Sophie Kerr; Jack and Jill, and Bumbo the Bear, a story for children, by Sarah Addington, The Abyss, by Samuel Scoville, Jr.; The Wife He Should Have, by Mathilde Howe Farnham; The Woodcutter, a poem by Alfred Noyes; The House of Helen, a continued story by Corra Harris; Gowns, a poem by Helen Frazee-Bower; The Office Dog, Life's Symphony, a poem by B. Y. Williams, and There's a Girl Like Mother Somewhere, a poem by Mary Carolyn Davies.

There are also these special articles: The Advancing Plagues of Eastern Europe, Senator Royal S. Copeland; Our Social Ladder, Mrs. John King Van Rennslaer, Makers of American Literature, William Lyon Phelps; Beauty, The Fashions, and The Follies, Florenz Ziegfield, Jr.; Twelve Tests of Character, Harry Emerson Fosdick; My Musical Life, Walter Damrosch; Advertising the Church, Walter A. Seldon; Controlling Our Inmost Selves; Sarah D. Lowrie; Eight Programs of Public Service, Alice Ames Winter; Enemies of Prohibition, Charles A. Seldon. Household articles: An Ideal Bungalow; Housekeeping in the Little House; Attached Garages; This Year's Garden; Colonial Trays That You Can Paint; Old Pennsylvania Dutch Cookery; Roasting and Toasting; The Newest Kitchen Utensils; Colette Cooks With Bread; I Make French Pastry at Home.

Ten special articles display the latest fashions; there are, two art features, The Scarlet Letter, by W. L. Taylor, and Biblical Painting, by Harold Copping; four articles on needlework, two for children; and the following miscellaneous ones: Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books, and How To Make Some Extra Money Quickly.

In brief, The Ladies' Home Journal has attained a position of peculiar distinction. As Mr. Bok said in retiring from its editorship: "From its beginning it had been unlike any other periodical; it had always retained its individuality as a magazine apart from others. It had to be something more than the mere assemblage of stories and articles. It had consistently stood for ideals; and, sure in one or two instances, it had carried through what it undertook to achieve. It had a record of worthy achievements; a more fruitful record than many imagined. It had become a national institution such as no other magazine had ever been. It was indisputably accepted by the public and by business interests alike as the recognized avenue of approach to the intelligent home of America."

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Review of Reviews is a monthly publication, also of the informative type, published by the Review of Reviews Publishing Company, New York City. It is edited by Albert Shaw who is also president of the company. Mr. Shaw is one of the foremost journalists of the world holding degrees from several universities including that of Doctor of Philosophy from Johns Hopkins and Doctor of Laws from the University of Missouri. He studied in Europe. Mr. Shaw first became prominent as the editor of the Minnesota Tribune. He was appointed to the chair of political instruction and international law at Cornell University but declined. He had many honors bestowed upon him, is a member of numerous political, historic, and economic associations as well as a trustee of various school boards among them the Martha Berry School of Georgia. He is the author of a large number of works on political,

economic, and governmental subjects as well as business and municipal ones. He established the American Review of Reviews in 1891 and has edited it ever since.

The Review of Reviews is a magazine which covers a very wide field. Its main departments are The Progress of the World, Record of Current Events, Cartoons of the Month, from six to ten articles on timely topics, Leading Articles of the Month, and News of Books.

Under Progress of the World are found political issues and economic problems, domestic and foreign, treated in an editorial way, about fifty short articles appearing under this head. They are frequently interspersed with illustrations.

The Record of Current Events is a complete record of happenings in the world. It is subdivided into American Politics and Government; Foreign Politics and Government; International Relations; Other Occurrences of the Month; and an Obituary. This news review is given in short terse paragraphs. The Cartoons are taken from other publications, both domestic and foreign, and are always timely and to the point. The six or eight important articles of each month are written by various contributors to the magazine and are on topics of political, economic, or international interest, the contributors being well known authorities on the subjects treated.

Leading Articles of the Month deals with every phase of life of vital interest to humanity at large including, nature, science, health, arts, and life in general from the technique of a safe-breaker to rent problems in Spain. About twenty-five different subjects are listed under this head.

The New Books is a department for the review of books classified according to their nature. Fiction is not reviewed

in this magazine. One other department is Investment where questions are asked and answers are given.

In looking through the forty-ninth and fiftieth volumes of the Review of Reviews, it is found that some 900 to 1,000 subjects are indexed for that year. The principal articles of the year 1914 are: Complexities of the Income Tax by Benjamin S. Orcutt, Uncle Sam Fighting the Diseases of the World by William Arthur Du Puy, The Reconstruction of American Ports by Paul Wesley Ivey, Pancho Villa, Man and Soldier by N. C. Assocides, The World's Greatest Prosecuting Office by Charles S. Whitman, the Railroad Conquest of Africa by Lewis R. Freeman, Efficiency at Work—How Our Navy Took First Rank in Germany, by Henry Wysham Lanier, How Europe's Armies Took the Field by T. Lothrop Stoddard, Allies versus Germany — Strategy of the Campaigns by Frank H. Simonds, and by the same author, Germany on the Defensive and The War in its First Month.

Other contributors for the year are: Arthur Wallace Dunn, Edward H. Thomas, Captain James Gordon Steese, C. E., Augustus Post, David S. St. Clair, Charles Fitzhugh Talman, J. Bernhard Walker, Christine Frederick, Benjamin C. Marsh, James R. Mirriam, Vernice Earle Danner, John B. Huber, William H. Allen, J. F. Springer, Agnes C. Laut, Lajos Steiner, Senator Morris Sheppard, John A. Kingsbury, W. G. Hummel, Charles Francis, Robert N. Lynch, B. J. Ramage, Richard Spillane, George B. Roberts, Robert L. Owen, A. G. Robinson, Willard C. Brinson, Charles Frederick Carter, James Melvin Lee, P. T. McGrath, Laut D. Upson, David Jayne Hill, Philip W. Ayers, W. Frank McClure, Ida Husted Harper, J. A. Jahn, Julius H. Barnes, Dr. Ivan Yovitchevitch, Arthur Farnell,

B. O. Flower, Roy Mason, Lewis E. Van Norman, Charles F. Spears, Charles A. Conant, Winthrop L. Marvin, Oswald Garrison Villard, Guy Elliot Mitchell, Harrington Emerson, Waldemar Kaempffert, John R. Eustis, William Menkel, Don C. Seitz, John Barrett, Rev. George F. Herrick, Hon. Francis G. Newlands, T. N. Carver, Bernhard Dernberg, Joseph H. Appel, Edward T. Devine, Oscar S. Straus, Charles Sumner Lobingier, A. T. Grinnell.

Albert Shaw, the editor, is a prominent contributor to the magazine, his articles appearing under his name and unsigned also.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The North American Review, founded in 1815, is a monthly published in New York City. Whether to call this periodical an informative magazine is a question not easy to decide. While the subject matter is made up to a considerable extent of articles on national and, occasionally, international political affairs, yet about them there is a flavor and atmosphere that is distinctively literary. Moreover, many contributions deal with pure literature, such as the reviews of books and of eminent authors. In the last analysis, however, The North American Review must be classed as an informative magazine; for, as a perusal of its volumes will show, much of the material used is decidedly instructive, and even that which is not designed as such is of such a nature as to impart much valuable information to the lover of literature and art.

Briefly, The North American Review may be called an informative periodical in which one may expect to find articles written in a highly cultural style on social, economical, political, and literary subjects of the day. Sprinkled

liberally among these articles are poems by the leading poets of America and Europe. Each number contains a musical review of the month, a review of the outstanding book of the month with short reviews of other books, and a section devoted to letters received by the Editor from subscribers and contributors. A typical issue contained the following articles: Italy's Bloodless Revolution, Joseph Collins; Did the Kaiser Tell the Truth, Stephens Lauzanne; The Future of the British Industry, B. Seebohm Rountree; The Dial Plate of Time, Henry W. Bunn; The Outlook of the Merit System, Roscoe C. E. Brown; Civilization and the French Theatre, Stark Young; Aftermath, Mildred Blumenthal; The Plaything, Margaret Widdemer; The Literary Discipline, John Erskine; The Second Coming of Israel, Rabbi Joel Blau; Modern Jugo-Slav Literature, Milivoy S. Stanoyevich; Century of Matthew Arnold, Stanley T. Williams; Music of the Month, The Book of the Month, Lawrence Gilman; Affairs of the World, Willis F. Johnson.

The history of The North American Review is long and honorable. Its editors have been men of standing in journalism and the literary world. Prominent among them are Lloyd Brice and D. A. Munro, both of whom are now deceased. Four times the magazine has changed its time of publication: in 1875, to quarterly; in 1877, to bi-monthly; in 1878, to monthly; and in 1906, back to bi-monthly. More than this, among the dozen or so truly worthwhile journals of its type, it has attained a rank that places it easily among the foremost. But in spite of these facts, and in defiance of all rules of efficiency, The North American Review has recently contracted a most aggravating habit: It fails to print the name of its editor!

The last editor admitted by The Review was Colonel George B. M. Harvey, a native of New England. In the village of Peacham, Vermont, so a recent volume of Who's Who relates, the Colonel was born, on the 16th of February, 1864.

Not much is said about the early life of Colonel Harvey. He attended Peacham College, graduating from the institution, and at the age of twenty entered the field of journalism. Seven years later he attained the position of managing editor on the New York World, a democratic daily of wide circulation and high repute. Withdrawing from this position because of poor health, Mr. Harvey, in 1897, bought the North American Review. He immediately took over the editorship of that magazine. Not content with this arduous task, one year later he became president and principal owner of Harper's Publishing Company, an old established and reliable firm. Until the year 1908, Colonel Harvey was occupied chiefly with the duties of the publishing company and of his magazine. During this period, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Erskine College, S. C., and the University of Nevada.

In that year he engaged briefly in outside work as a lecturer on journalism at Yale University. He also became famous as a speaker and served frequently in that position on important occasions, a gift that has caused recently much comment from editors and rabid feminists devoid of a sense of humor.

Colonel Harvey until recently was editor of Harper's Weekly, as well as The North American Review. Engaging in the field of finance, he became president of various electric railways in and about New York City. But his

most conspicuous performance is that of American Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, a position which he now holds. When in America, Colonel Harvey resides at Deal, New Jersey.

THE WORLD'S WORK

The World's Work is a monthly informative magazine published by Doubeday, Page and Company in Garden City, New York and also in Toronto, Canada. It is a magazine of men and events, presenting to the public facts of vital interest concerning leaders in national and world affairs of the present day, and information on matters of importance in business and politics. Its aim is to get at the underlying facts of the news.

In connection with The World's Work it is interesting to recall the name of Walter Hines Page, that illustrious American, who was formerly editor of the magazine, the post now held by his son, Arthur. Mr. Page, the father, it will be remembered was Ambassador to the Court of Saint James during a most crucial period and is generally regarded as one of the most capable diplomats this country ever produced. Mr. Page did much to bring about cordial relations between England and the United States and in 1923 the English unveiled a tablet in Westminster Abbey honoring his memory. Mr. Page once wrote about The World's Work in which he not only says much of interest about this magazine but presents the magazine editor's viewpoint in a poignant manner. He wrote:

"My associates ask that I write what we are trying to do with this magazine, thereby going squarely against the first principle of good editing. That first principle is that every piece published shall be interesting; and in such an

article there is less a tale to tell than an explanation to make.

"The group of men who direct The World's Work have a very definite aim, however often they miss it, and we are very much in earnest. Earnestness, mind you, does not mean solemnity, and we try to keep it from meaning dullness. The aim is — every reader of the magazine knows it as well as we do — so to report and to interpret representative activities of our time as to give the reader a well-proportioned knowledge of what sort of things are happening in the world — in the American world in particular. It may be a political campaign, it may be a woman's 'movement', it may be the building of a great dam across the Mississippi River; it may be explanations of scientific discovery and of new scientific theories; it may be the industrial progress of the Northwest or of the Southeast; it may be the breeding of better grain or of better cotton; the making of fitter schools; the waste of money and the degradation of men by unworthy pensions; — it may be anything typical of the activities of the people and worthy of the attention of thoughtful persons; and in the course of a year the magazine ought to contain articles about all sorts of these important activities.

"We work in constant conference; for it is all teamwork. Every man knows and every man must know what every other one is doing; and in our conferences we decide what volunteer articles we shall accept and we make plans for our outside friends who help us write — for such articles, for example, as Mr. Stockbridge went West to write, and as Professor Orth of Cornell is writing about the labor war.

"It's a cheerful and exhilarating occupation; for we must keep an eye on all sorts of human activities and meet and learn

from men of all helpful sorts. The real reward of the editorial life is in the friends and acquaintances that one has occasion (and necessity) to make. No sort of active and useful man or woman is foreign to our plans or purposes. Of course not even a much larger group of men than we are could possibly know many subjects thoroughly; but each of us has his own kinds of tasks—one, subjects of social welfare; another, political subjects, another, financial and commercial subjects; another, rural life and education, and so on; and each does his reading and makes acquaintances that lead to increasing knowledge of his group of subjects. Consequently we must go about the United States and see what men are doing. The theory is that at least one editor of the magazine shall visit every section of the country at least once a year, and of course, at times other countries also. One of the most pleasing compliments ever paid to us was said in half jest by a man who had lead a closet-life: 'Why, you really regard Wyoming and Louisiana as parts of the United States.' The real work of making a 'live' magazine cannot be done in an office.

"There is, therefore, no mystery about the work: the main thing to be said about it is that it is work, unceasing, hard work; but do not forget that it is interesting work. If an article does not interest us, it is pretty sure not to interest the reader; for we are men of different temperaments, of unanimity only in ideals and in purpose, men of different kinds of training, of somewhat different outlooks on life. Yet nothing has ever appeared in the magazine about which we had any serious disagreement; and, of course, no man ever writes anything that he does not profoundly believe. The note of sincerity is as necessary in a magazine as it is in a man. You can't make any genuine periodical with 'literary operatives.' If we should encounter subjects or plans or policies about which there was

radical disagreement, we should, I presume, leave them alone. So far we have not encountered them.

"Nor is the editorial department the whole magazine. There is still wider team-work throughout the publishing house of which it is a part. It is coördinated with other activities, to the benefit of all. The other owners of the magazine at times contribute most helpfully to the stock of editorial ideas. There is a luncheon on every Wednesday at which all the editors and all the owners sit down to talk over the World's Work. One day the talk may turn on editorial subjects, another day on the financial condition of the business, another day on the manufacture of it, on another day on the advertising department, on another day on all these subjects. There are no secrets that one department or group keeps from the other. Such conferences would be of no value if they were not open and frank; and there is no opinion or suggestion ever held back for fear of anybody's disapproval. The atmosphere is as free as any group of men can make and keep it; for not a man has to do with the magazine who has any other interest to serve or any other business to engage him. You could not make a helpful and interesting periodical as an incident to any other business or 'interest'; and many a one has failed by such an effort.

"Of course, there is not unanimity about every detail in so large a body of men. Why should there be? For instance, when the political campaign came on last year,[1] the policy of the magazine was determined by the editor, who is the court of last appeal, if there be any occasion for appeal. There were in the group some men who differed with the political policy of the magazine. What better corrective influence against sheer partisanship could be devised? This, I am sure, was a lucky

[1] 1912

circumstance—lucky in one instance at least; for when an article in proof was read by a dissenter he made the valuable criticism that it was less than fair to his side. The unnecessary cruelty of the criticism was omitted, and the magazine was the better for it—at least in temper.

"Did I not warn you that all this is dull? I mean that the telling of it is uninteresting, for the doing of it is always interesting. For example: We described the farm demonstration work in the Southern States whereby two bales of cotton were made to grow where one bale grew before; and a gentleman in North Dakota read about it and set to work to have similar instruction given to the farmers in his state, at a cost of more than $80,000 a year. A missionary in India read about the eradication of the hookworm in our semi-tropical regions and he wrote for information. It happened that he lived at the place with which the American Hookworm Commission most desired to get into communication. A man came to this office one day and said: 'You had a little article about farming profits in a certain part of the country last year. I read it and said that you had been imposed on. But I had occasion to visit the place last month and I invested $100,000 there. You didn't tell the story half strong enough.' There are now in this office letters from men who say they have more than a million dollars to invest in farms, asking suggestions about soils and climates and markets and such like things. (One man, by the way, gives his whole time and takes much of the time of the editors, too, in answering questions about every conceivable thing.) Of course, many millions of dollars are invested in conservative securities on the advice of the financial department; and many magazines imitate the World's Work in maintaining such a department.

"But these are obvious, concrete, reportable results. A better result is the influence on public opinion of some of the policies emphasized by the World's Work. Sometimes these are not popular. Take the abuse of the pension roll as an example. There has been a decided stiffening of opinion and of courage since Mr. Hale's and Mr. Charles Francis Adams' articles were published in the World's Work two years ago. Many newspapers that had been before uninformed now demand that the roll be made public and thereby purged of unworthy names; and the opposition in Congress to 'any old pension' scheme grows stronger yearly.

"Evidences multiply of the effect of educational articles that the magazine has published. A description of a good school always suggests the same plan to persons in another part of the country.

"This sort of a thing has occurred time and again. The World's Work has found a country preacher or a country teacher who did his job so well that there was inspiration for others in the story of it. As soon as a description of such a man's or woman's work was published they began to receive invitations to lecture and presently they found themselves so famous that they were called from their fields of labor to organize society in general. This is one of the misfortunes of fame.

"The results that justify the magazine's existence are what educational folk, who love long words, call 'inspirational.' It carries to one man or to one group of men a story of what somebody else is doing and gives fruitful suggestions. For instance, an account of Dr. Dowling's health-train and of his energetic work toward the cleaning up of Louisiana set boards of health and sanitary officers at work in many other communities.

"The first quality required to make a helpful magazine is a balanced judgment, an intellectual inability to be drawn off into the advocacy of any fad or cure-all, or to allow one's personal tastes and particular enthusiasms to dominate the whole periodical—in a word, the refusal to become sensational.

" 'Movements' are necessary and desirable to the free life of the United States; but the free life of the United States is a very complex thing, and no 'movement' carries all salvation with it. Good judgment calls for the reporting of all sorts of good work but for very wary acceptance of all men's burning enthusiasms. Common sense is the most useful quality that you can get into an editorial office.

"In the execution of the task of making a magazine, the greatest practical difficulty is the difficulty of finding men who can write with simple directness and still put the glow of conviction and of 'human interest' in their writing. I have on my desk now this report from one of my associates on a manuscript:

" 'This is a horrible example of what a college professor can do to obscure a good idea by means of a magazine article. The idea itself is interesting and it emerges first on page 8.' Every word of this report is true. The first seven pages are dull commonplace—the same sort of things that thousands of writers have written as the first seven pages of a manuscript about thousands of subjects. One of these days we shall have a post-graduate school of writing at our universities, or somewhere else, where young men will be taught to omit at least half of what they feel moved to write 'in a state of nature'—to present their messages directly and briefly, with charm and enthusiasm. It required ten years full of many experiments to get together (out of twenty or more men) the four who did the main work of making this magazine.

"At intervals, we have asked blocks of our subscribers what parts or qualities of the World's Work they think most highly of and what they find least helpful, and we have asked for suggestions. Many corrective and suggestive comments come, but few constructive ideas—naturally enough, for it is not the business of men who buy the magazine to make it. But those who are kind enough to answer such inquiries do a great service by giving the editors, sometimes unconsciously, the point of view of the readers that they are trying to serve. It is always helpful to meet and to talk with or to read letters from such persons.

"The truth is, the successful editing of such a magazine is in reality the interpretation of the people, their revelation to themselves; and this cannot be done except by men who know the reading and thoughtful people of the whole country, or as many of them as possible.

"This is what with all humility and earnestness we are trying to do, regarding the magazine as an instrument of reporting the people's activities and thought in the widest and most helpful and sympathetic way, with directness of speech and with a joyful confidence in the soundness of American life. This leaves no room for merely personal journalism nor for becoming the organ of any 'cause' or 'party' or man or doctrine or school. The whole American people is a good master to serve. But any sect or section or party of them would be a tyrannical master. The evangelist has his uses but they are not the highest uses.

"The American public is surfeited with magazines; for, as a business, the making of them is greatly overdone. Many lead a precarious life. Many are bankrupt. Many more, whose purpose is chiefly commercial try this tack and then that; for profitable sensations enough cannot be found to maintain them.

The public does not show the nicest discrimination—in fact, there are many publics; but in the long run the half-dozen or more magazines that serve thoughtful people year in and year out by honest work find permanent friends, whom it is a great privilege and joy to serve. One of the most pleasing facts about the World's Work is that a much larger percentage of its subscribers renew their subscriptions year after year than is usual with most magazines. This is a guarantee of sufficient stability to make us sure that we are doing some service and that it is a natural and normal and not a merely spasmodic service.

"And on those rare occasions when it seems no violation of good taste to write about the magazine (and it is hoped that this is such an occasion) the one thought that comes first and comes strongest is gratitude for the appreciation that has been shown year after year by readers in all walks of life. You may see in our files a letter from an illiterate carpenter in Maine close beside a letter from a President of the United States and a president of a university, and a banker and a farmer—from all sorts of men—saying that they find the World's Work worth while. That's reward enough; and what we are trying to do is to deserve the thanks that men like these send us, by a real service in reporting the significant activities of our many-sided life with the hopeful and helpful spirit that every well-balanced man must have when he studies it in the large. To know the American people in our time is a great privilege and a constant inspiration; and we do on occasion—as on a New Year—feel that such work brings us a realization of the majesty of our democracy."

Arthur W. Page has been The World's Work's able editor for a number of years. His assistants, French Strother, associate editor, and Burton J. Hendrick, associate editor, are both

men of mature experience in world affairs and distinguished writers. They are frequent contributors to the magazine. In 1924 Ralph H. Graves was made managing editor of the World's Work.

The first twenty-five or thirty pages of this magazine are given over to the editorial department under the title of The March of Events. This department contains the portraits of men of prominence in current events, and contains editorial articles on a wide range of subjects, foreign and domestic. This interpretation is illustrated.

In one issue there are portraits of John Hessin Clarke, former associate justice of the United States Supreme Court; Conrad E. Spens, national coal distributor; John Huegen Puelicher, new president of the American Bankers' Association; Francis Carter Wood, pathologist and specialist in the treatment of cancer, who contributed an article to this number of the World's Work; Edwin Emery Slosson, author of Creative Chemistry, also contributing to this issue, World's Work; and Ray Stannard Baker, author of "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement."

To give an idea of the range of subjects covered by the editorial department, representative articles are: Enter Georges Clemenceau, The Most Powerful Mainstay of the French Republic, European Statecraft Again Fails in Turkey, A Great American Admiral, Campaign Contributions, British, Campaign Contributions, American, American Health Work in the Land of Pasteur, The Wasted Working Years, Between 14 and 16, Feminism in the Federal Constitution, What Has Become of the Saloon, Physicians, Educate Yourselves!, How Much Arithmetic do you Need?, A Censorship Needed for Moving Picture Spectators, The Building Boom in the South, King

Cotton on the Pacific Coast, and The Contrasts Between the French and Russian Revolutions.

Some of the able writers who contribute to the World's Work are: Mark Sullivan, Edwin E. Slosson, John K. Barnes, Francis Carter Wood, Lindsay Rogers, Floyd W. Parsons, Clarence Stetson, Herbert Lang, Major Ian Hay Beith, J. B. W. Gardiner, Frank Parker Stockbridge, Thomas R. Shipp, Frank Dilmot, Geddes Smith, Phillippe Bunau-Varilla, Vernon Kellog, Ray Stannard Baker, Burton J. Hendrick, Lewis R. Freeman, Arthur Clark, Stephens Lauzanne, John R. Rathom, Linton R. Bates, Edwin Bjorkman, John R. Barnes, Richard Wilmer Rowan, French Strother, Ellwood Hendrick, Theodore H. Price, John A. Craig, Roger Lewis, Merle Sidener, E. M. Chadwick, Ambassador Morgenthau, Robert Russe Moton, Thomas H. Dickerson, Richard Washburn Child, Thomas Gregory, Major E. Requin, Joseph Cummings Chase, Roy V. Wright, Henry Esty Dounce, Sydney A. Hale, Francis Dodd, Ralph W. Page, C. C. Clayton, George McAdam, Henry Ford, Captain Robert G. Fuller, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Frederick M. Corse, Richard Barry, Lewis Guenther, Hon. James W. Gerard, V. G. Iden, Clyde Davis, R. C. Martens, Clarence Budington Kelland, Charles Downer Hazen, Silas Bent, Elwood Mead, Ignace Paderewski, William Roscoe Thayer, Poultney V. Bigelow, Frederick Moore.

From time to time the World's Work carries many really great articles. Some of these are: Ambassador Morgenthau's Story which runs through about ten numbers, and another of like character and about the same length, Fighting Germany's Spies by French Strother; Red Cross International Engineer, by Geddes Smith; Germany's Plots Exposed, by John Rathom; Schwab, Leader of Men, by Frank Parker Stockbridge; Herzog, the Trade Bernhardi, by Ralph W. Page; Henry Ford,

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Amateur, by Frank Parker Stockbridge; Czecho-Slovakia, the Nation Without a Country, by George McAdam; Life of General Pershing, by George McAdam; Why Alsace-Lorraine Must be Returned to France, by Charles D. Hazen; and Selections from The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page by Burton J. Hendrick.

A "Red Letter Book Guide" is conducted by Thomas L. Masson in which the more important books are reviewed. In the front part of the magazine is a section in which questions are answered and advice given with reference to financial questions and investment problems. "The World Workshop" is a title of another section in the front part of the publication in which gossip of the office—such as can be given out—is told to the readers. "Sun Dial Gossip," yet another department in the front part of the publication gives brief sketches, mostly biographical, about contributors to be found in that particular issue.

The World's Work carries a very fine class of advertising matter, the pages in the front half of the magazine being used for advertisements of books, schools and colleges, banking houses and matters pertaining thereto and the back part of the magazine for a number of select advertisements covering other fields.

THE OUTLOOK

In a sphere distinctively and particularly its own stands The Outlook, and when the name of this illustrious weekly is mentioned one cannot but help think of Dr. Lyman Abbott who for so long was its guiding captain and himself such a beacon in the realm of journalists.

Originally The Outlook was not known by its present name; in fact, its name was twice changed, first, from The

Church Union to The Christian Union, and in 1881 its present title was adopted through the efforts of its then associate editors, Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott.

The first distinguished editor of the magazine was Henry Ward Beecher, noted preacher, who in 1870 when it became known as The Outlook said: "Not only shall we not labor for an external and ecclesiastical unity, but we shall regard it a step backward. The Christian Union shall devote no time to inveighing against sects but it will spare no pains to persuade Christians of every sect to treat one another with Christian charity, love, and sympathy." The Christian Union had for its subtitle: Undenominational, Evangelical, Protestant, Christian. It is this liberal policy that has been its watchword through fifty years and more.

The Outlook announces itself "A weekly family newspaper, a running history of the year." It took its new name from one of its departments—and the department of the religious world was but a feature—though it would print a weekly sermon and comments on the Sunday School lesson. In this department its main attempt would be to trace and record the religious activities of the times. This same policy is adhered to up to the present time—a liberal non-sectarian one.

Dr. Lyman Abbott said when the farm and garden department was added to the magazine: "It is the aim of The Christian Union to gospelize all the industrial functions of life." It is said that Doctor Abbott never retaliated through the magazine or would he ever allow it to be used in his own personal defense.

The great success of The Outlook was due to that sainted, yet truly human man. He became editor-in-chief in 1893 though he had long been associate editor with Henry Ward Beecher. Doctor Abbott was a great philosopher and sage

and beloved by thousands of people. He has done much to shape the thought of young generations and his influence will long outlive his long and useful life. He died in 1922 at the age of eighty-seven.

The Outlook Company has two of his sons on its staff, Lawrence F. Abbott and Ernest H. Abbott. Weekly editorial conferences are held by the staff of this publication, when its matter is carefully discussed and determined by them.

A matter upon which it justly prides itself is the pure, good English employed on its pages. Brander Matthews, for years one of its contributors, is perhaps one of the greatest authorities on this subject. He is Chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and was formerly president of the Modern Language Association of America, and since 1892 has been professor of Literature in Columbia University. In New York and other states The Outlook is used in schools and colleges for its excellence in English and it has been suggested that it be used in history and departments of civics and rhetoric as well. Strange to note in this regard is the fact that in a very recent issue there was an almost defense of the use of slang generally advised against by exponents of good English. Arthur Maurice in an editorial brought out that on some occasions slang—good, clean slang—was permissible and the comment said that while The Outlook does not defend the indiscriminate use of slang it does admit that there are occasions for it. It stated that Americans have a genius for its creation and that it lends life and vividness to our language.

The Outlook's principal department is its editorial comment given in short pithy articles at the beginning of the magazine. About ten pages are devoted to this and from ten to twenty subjects of a varied nature are treated. In fact every-

thing vital and interesting to the thinking man or woman is touched upon in these pages.

Other departments are: Contributor's Gallery which gives short sketches of the contributors to the magazine; Cartoons of the Week, a page of cartoons occurring in the midst of the editorials and having for their unique feature that they are headed by an apropos quotation from Shakespeare; the New Books which as its name signifies is devoted to book reviews; the Book Table is the department conducted by Brander Matthews given over to matters of a strictly literary nature; Financial Department explains itself; and By the Way is composed of short anecdotes and paragraphs of an amusing nature generally with some significant relation to prominent or well-known people or places.

Great names appear on the pages of this publication—authorities on all matters are taken up—and a wide variety of interesting, informative, and cultural matter may be found. Many familiar names appear on the pages of The Outlook, among them being John Spargo and W. B. Golden, experts on labor and socialistic questions; Frank Dilmot, Sherman Rogers, Agnes Repplier, Christopher Morley, George Kennan, Henry Van Dyke, Guglielmo Ferrero, John Erskine, Oscar Straus, J. St. Loe Strachey, Archibald Rutledge, William Jennings Bryan, Mary Lord Mason, Rollins E. Smith, Charles Fitzhugh Talman, Lloyd Morris, Roland Cotton Smith, L. Dean Hatch, Newton Fuessle, and scores and scores of others.

Religion, social science, and service; socialism and all its allied problems; literature, art, and music and cultural subjects; politics and political science; industrial problems, engineering feats, race questions, prohibition, tariff, taxes, finance, and in short everything that is of vital interest to humanity enters the pages of The Outlook. It must be noted that The Outlook

has but few advertisements, and none of a showy or startling quality. There is a department of classified advertisements and professional "Want advertisements."

Paradoxical as it may sound, The Outlook can certainly be called a very conservative and yet most liberal and broad-minded paper. It might well be on the table of every home where people try to live abreast of the times and strive after the true spirit of refinement, culture, and love of humanity.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Edited by two such brilliant and thought commanding writers as George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, The American Mercury is a new informative magazine published for the first time during the latter part of 1923, and a publication which quickly established itself permanently among the better worth-while magazines in America. Regarding the assured success of this new venture in the magazine world, the publishers of The American Mercury—Alfred A. Knopf Inc., New York City said early in 1924:

"Few serious publications have ever met with so quick and cordial a response from readers. Though the print order for the first number was probably above that for any similar magazine in American history, the whole supply was exhausted within three days, and it was necessary to reprint twice before the second issue went to press. The first printing of the second issue was eighty per cent larger than that of the first and steadily increased editions are expected hereafter."

With reference to the nature of The American Mercury, its scope, and what the magazine hopes to accomplish in a country which is already crowded with a multiplicity of variegated magazines the publishers again speak:

"The American Mercury is anything but pedantic, but it makes no effort to be popular in the usual sense. It assumes that its readers are all educated men and women, and that their interests are those of their class—that they are primarily interested, not in the superficial news of the day, but in the larger currents of opinion and prejudice that flow under the surface. It is open to all shades of opinion save the sentimental and the doctrinaire. In brief, it will endeavor to stick to realities—and it will try to present them with as much good humor as possible.

"American ideas, customs and personalities will always receive its chief attention. It will carry on no importing business in foreign notions, whether in politics, in fine arts, or in daily life. Whatever is of universal interest will be dealt with from the standpoint of its American implications. There will be a diligent effort to cover all parts of the American scene.

"The American Mercury will try to cover all the interests of the civilized minority of Americans. It will present the best material that is available in belles-lettres, but it will also deal with politics, government, the sciences, and the lesser arts of life. In all departments an effort will be made to avoid the bow-wow pronunciamentos of established "authorities." Instead, there will be a free field for newcomers who have something novel and apposite to say, and who know how to say it in an amusing and convincing manner.

"The magazine will not advocate any new cure for all the sorrows of the world. It will avoid on the one hand the recurrent crazes and superstitions of the so-called Liberals and on the other hand the dull intransigence of the orthodox Tories. In the middle ground it will seek the truth, and when the truth proves to be elusive it will at least try to find some entertainment."

A table of contents of a representative issue of The American Mercury will be of value in making clearer the nature of the publication. In February, 1924, the following titles and authors were found: All God's Chillun Got Wings (a play), Eugene O'Neill; The Grammarian and His Language, Edward Sapir; The Part-Time Missionary, Howell Sykes; Editorial; Caught (a story), Sherwood Anderson; Americana; Pinchot, Charles Willis Thompson; More Light on Whitman, Emory Holloway; Osteopathy, Morris Fishbein; American Portraits, I. The Labor Leader, James M. Cain; Clinical Notes, H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan; The Ku Kluxer, Gerald W. Johnson; Panorama, John McClure; The Arts and Sciences: Alcohol and the Duration of Life, Raymond Pearl; Modern First Editions, George H. Sargent; The American Painter, Guy Eglington; Heredity and the Uplift, H. M. Parshley; Carrying Civilization to Mexico, Carleton Beals; The Comic Patriot, Carl Van Doren; A Note on Shakespeare, Leon Kellner; The Theatre, George Jean Nathan; The Library, H. L. Mencken; Additional Book Reviews: Origins of the Revolution, W. F. Robinson; The Case of Luther, John E. Lind; The American Mercury Authors.

It is interesting to observe what contemporary magazines and American newspapers said of the first issue of The American Mercury. Said The Outlook magazine, "The first number . . . is a well printed and interesting magazine, independent, and disrespectful alike to stogy conservative and freakish radical."

"Its pages are beautiful to look upon and agreeable to read. Its meat is sound and frequently salty," wrote The New York Tribune. "An honestly serious and seriously honest magazine" was the characterization of The Mercury by The Chicago Tribune.

The Baltimore Evening Sun's comment read: "A serious and authoritative review in the traditional civilized manner, with this chief difference from existing reviews, that the editors have eschewed the Messianic delusion and promise to keep to common sense."

Said the Brooklyn Eagle: "The American Mercury, judging by its first number, is going to be not only the most worthwhile magazine in the United States, but possibly the most interesting in the world."

"The American Mercury has excellent manners," says The Greensboro (N. C.) News, "It is intensely alive, but not boisterous. It is a proof that a review can be serious without being dull."

Predicting a successful future for the publication, The Baltimore News comments, "The American Mercury will establish a genuinely distinguished position if the standards of its first number are maintained."

Little wonder that The Nation should come out in unstinted praise for The Mercury. "Beautiful in form," it says, "stimulating in the variety of its matter, it is frankly iconoclastic, avowedly concerned with proving to all men that doubt, after all, is safe."

Speaking of the physical appearance of the publication, The Detroit News comments, "Mr. Knopf has made the magazine more attractive in typography, press-work and format than any other American monthly."

Each issue of The American Mercury contains about 128 pages of text printed in Garamont type on imported Esparto featherweight paper, sewed, to lie open flat in the hand. The magazine sells for fifty cents the single copy and the yearly subscription price is five dollars a year.

Mr. Mencken, one of the editors, is widely known as author and editor. He was born in Baltimore, was graduated from the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, and was reporter and later city editor of The Baltimore Morning Herald, editor of The Baltimore Evening Herald, on the staff of the Baltimore Sun, literary critic of The Smart Set, and from 1914 until the time that he became one of the editors of The American Mercury was with Mr. Nathan one of the editors of The Smart Set. Mr. Mencken is the author of a number of books, being a prodigious writer.

Mr. Nathan, the other editor of The Mercury, is known in Who's Who in America as "editor, author, and critic." Born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, Mr. Nathan is a graduate of Cornell University, and has been connected with The New York Herald, The Bohemian Magazine, Outing, Burr-McIntosh Monthly, Harper's Weekly, and other publications. He has syndicated his dramatic criticisms and other of his works. He, like Mr. Mencken, was connected in an editorial capacity with The Smart Set at the time of the creation of The American Mercury. He, too, is author of many works, having collaborated with Mr. Mencken in several instances.

So much for The American Mercury. It is a magazine that will have the ardent support of many; and will not be read by others. That it occupies a place apart from the remainder of the worthwhile informative magazines seems certain. Surely it cannot be placed along with such great magazines as The Atlantic Monthly, The Century, The Review of Reviews, The Ladies' Home Journal. This is not to say that it is superior to them; neither that it is inferior. It is just different from them, and as such it will likely remain so long as edited by Messrs. Mencken and Nathan.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

The Atlantic Monthly is a monthly, non-illustrated, informative periodical published at Concord, New Hampshire by the Atlantic Monthly Company, which maintains editorial and general offices at 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. In lieu of a definite announcement from its editors, the magazine exhibits a style and structure throughout its whole contents that may be readily interpreted by the reader as an appeal to his aesthetic and intellectual nature. It is an informative publication to a large degree, considerably more than half of its subject matter being of this type. In addition, it publishes poems and short stories. Yet in the quality of the designedly informative articles found in the Atlantic Monthly—and markedly so in the non-informative features—there is a finished, rounded, artistic workmanship not found in most periodicals, particularly in the popular ones. On the whole, it is safest to classify it as an instructive magazine not devoid of purely entertaining features; instructive in the broadest sense in that it possesses value not only for the intellectual self but for the other numerous selves that make up the "modern."

Mention of the Atlantic Monthly calls to mind several of America's greatest editors—men like James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, William D. Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Horace C. Scudder, and in more recent days Walter Hines Page and Ellery Sedgwick, Page, the great ambassador, succeeded Scudder to The Atlantic editorship in 1898 and thus at the age of forty-three had reached the height of his profession. Page's reputation was made, it is said, by his editing The Forum.

Burton J. Hendrick in "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" writes interestingly of The Atlantic and Page as its

editor; in fact, a more vivid summary of what The Atlantic Monthly stands for in American literature is not to be found.

"No American publication," states Mr. Hendrick, "had ever had so brilliant a history. Founded in 1857, in the most flourishing period of the New England writers, its pages had first published many of the best essays of Emerson, the second series of the Biglow papers as well as many other of Lowell's writings, poems of Longfellow and Whittier; such great successes as Holmes' 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' Mrs. Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and the early novels of Henry James. If America had a literature, The Atlantic was certainly its most successful periodical exponent. Yet, in a sense, The Atlantic by the time Page succeeded to the editorship, had become the victim of its dazzling past. Its recent editors had lived too exclusively in their back numbers. They had conducted the magazine too much for the restricted audience of Boston and New England. There was a time, indeed, when the business office arranged the subscribers in two classes —'Boston' and 'foreign'; 'Boston' representing their local adherents, and 'foreign' the loyal readers who lived in the more benighted parts of the United States. One of its editors had been heard to boast that he never solicited a contribution; it was not his business to be a literary drummer! Let the truth be fairly spoken: when Page made his first appearance in The Atlantic office, the magazine was unquestionably on the decline. Its literary quality was still high; the momentum that its great contributors had given it was still keeping the publication alive; entrance into its columns still represented the ultimate ambition of the aspiring American writer; but it needed a new spirit to insure its future. What it required was the kind of editing that had suddenly made The Forum one of the greatest of English-written reviews. This is the reason why the canny

Yankee proprietors had reached over to New York and grasped Page as quickly as the capitalists of The Forum let him slip between their fingers.

"Page's sense of humor discovered a certain ironic aspect in his position as the dictator of this famous New England magazine. The fact that his manner was impatiently energetic and somewhat startling to the placid atmosphere of Park Street was not the thing that really signified its break with the past. But here was a Southerner firmly entrenched in a headquarters that had long been sacred to the New England abolitionists. One of the first sights that greeted Page, as he came into the office, was the angular and spectacled countenance of William Lloyd Garrison, gazing down from a steel engraving on the wall. One of Garrison's sons was a colleague and the anterooms were frequently cluttered with dusky gentlemen patiently waiting for interviews with this benefactor of their race. Page once was careless enough to inform Mr. Garrison that 'one of your niggers' was waiting outside for an audience. 'I very much regret, Mr. Page,' came the answer, 'that you should insist on spelling negro with two "g's"!' Despite the mock solemnity of rebuke, perennial good-nature and raillery prevailed between the son of Garrison and his disrespectful but ever sympathetic Southern friend. Indeed, one of Page's earliest performances was to introduce a spirit of laughter and genial cooperation into a rather solemn and self-satisfied environment. Mr. Mifflin, the head of the house, even formally thanked Page 'for the hearty human way in which you take hold of life.' Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, the present editor of The Atlantic, has described the somewhat disconcerting descent of Page upon the editorial sanctuary of James Russell Lowell:

" 'Were a visitant from another sphere to ask me for the incarnation of those qualities we love to call American, I should

turn to a familiar gallery of my memory and point to the living portrait that hangs there of Walter Page. A sort of four-squareness, bluntness, it seemed to some; an uneasy, often explosive energy; a disposition to underrate fine drawn nicenesses of all sorts; ingrained Yankee common sense, checking his vaulting enthusiasm; enormous self-confidence, impatience of failure—all of these were in him; and he was besides affectionate to a fault, devoted to his country, his family, his craft —a strong, bluff, tender man.

" 'Those were the decorous days of the old tradition, and Page's entrance into the "atmosphere" of Park Street has taken on the dignity of legend. There were all kinds of signs and portents, as the older denizens will tell you. Strange breezes floated through the office, electric emanations, and a pervasive scent of tobacco, which—so the local historian says—had been unknown in the vicinity since the days of Walter Raleigh, except for the literary aroma of Aldrich's quarantined sanctum upstairs. Page's coming marked the end of small ways. His first requirement was, in lieu of a desk, a table that might have served a family of twelve for Thanksgiving dinner. No one could imagine what that vast, polished tableland could serve for until they watched the editor at work. Then they saw. Order vanished and chaos reigned. Huge piles of papers, letters, articles, reports, books, pamphlets, magazines, congregated themselves as if by magic. To work in such confusion seemed hopeless, but Page eluded the congestion by the simple expedient of moving on. He would light a fresh cigar, give the editorial chair a hitch, and begin his work in front of a fresh expanse of table, with no clutter of the past to disturb the new day's litter.

" 'The motive power of his work was enthusiasm. Never was more generous welcome given to a newcomer than Page

held out to the successful manuscript of an unknown. I remember, though I heard the news second hand at the time, what a day it was in the office when the first manuscript from the future author of "To Have and To Hold," came in from an untried Southern girl. He walked up and down, reading paragraphs aloud and slapping the crisp manuscript to enforce his commendation. To take a humbler instance, I recall the words of over generous praise with which he greeted the first paper I ever sent to an editor quite as clearly as I remember the monstrous effort which had brought it into being. Sometimes he would do a favoured manuscript the honour of taking it out to lunch in his coat pocket, and an associate vividly recalls eggs, coffee, and pie in a near-by restaurant, while, in a voice that could be heard by the remotest lunchers, Page read passages which many of them were too startled to appreciate. He was not given to overrating, but it was not in his nature to understate. "I tell you," said he, grumbling over some unfortunate proof-sheets from Manhattan, "there isn't one man in New York who can write English—not from the Battery to Harlem Heights." And if the faults were moral rather than literary, his disapproval grew in emphasis. There is more than tradition in the tale of the Negro who, presuming on Page's deep interest in his race, brought to his desk a manuscript copied word for word from a published source. Page recognized the deception, and seizing the rascal's collar with a firm editorial grip, rejected the poem, and ejected the poet, with an energy very invigorating to the ancient serenities of the office.

" 'Page was always effervescent with ideas. Like an editor who would have made a good fisherman, he used to say that you had to cast a dozen times before you could get a strike. He was forever in those days sending out ideas and suggestions and invitations to write. The result was electric, and the

magazine became with a suddenness (of which only an editor can appreciate the wonder) a storehouse of animating thoughts. He avoided the mistake common to our craft of editing a magazine for the immediate satisfaction of his colleagues. "Don't write for the office," he would say. "Write for outside," and so his magazine became a living thing. His phrase suggests one special gift that Page had, for which his profession should do him especial honour. He was able, quite beyond the powers of any man of my acquaintance, to put compendiously into words the secrets of successful editing. It was capital training just to hear him talk. "Never save a feature," he used to say. "Always work for the next number. Forget the others. Spend everything just on that." And to those who know, there is a divination in the principle. Again he understood instinctively that to write well a man must not only have something to say, but must long to say it. A highly intelligent representative of the coloured race came to him with a philosophic essay. Page would have none of it. "I know what you are thinking of," said Page. "You are thinking of the barriers we set up against you, and the handicap of your lot. If you will write what it feels like to be a Negro, I will print that." The result was a paper which has seemed to me the most moving expression of the hopeless hope of the race I know of.

" 'Page was generous in his cooperation. He never drew a rigid line about his share in any enterprise, but gave and took help with each and all. A lover of good English, with an honest passion for things tersely said, Page esteemed good journalism far above any second-rate manifestation of more pretentious forms; but many of us will regret that he was not privileged to find some outlet for his energies in which aspiration for real literature might have played an ampler part. For

the literature of the past Page had great respect, but his interest was ever in the present and the future. He was forever fulminating against bad writing, and hated the ignorant and slipshod work of the hack almost as much as he despised the sham of the man who affected letters, the dabbler and the poetaster. His taste was for the roast beef of literature, not for the side dishes and the trimmings, and his appreciation of the substantial work of others was no surer than his instinct for his own performance. He was an admirable writer of exposition, argument, and narrative—solid and thoughtful, but never dull. . . . I came into close relations with him and from him I learned more of my profession than from any one I have ever known. Scores of other men would say the same.'

"But the fact that a new hand had seized The Atlantic was apparent in other places than in the Atlantic office itself. One of Page's contributors of The Forum days, Mr. Courtney DeKalb, happened to be in St. Louis when the first number of the magazine under its new editor made its appearance. Mr. DeKalb had been out of the country for some time and knew nothing of the change. Happening accidently to pick up The Atlantic, the table of contents caught his eye. It bore the traces of an unmistakable hand. Only one man, he said to himself, could assemble such a group as that, and above all, only Page could give such an enticing turn of the titles. He therefore sat down and wrote his old friend congratulating him on his accession to The Atlantic Monthly. The change that now took place was indeed a conspicuous, almost a startling one. The Atlantic retained all its old literary flavour, for to its traditions Page was as much devoted as the highest caste Bostonian; it still gave up much of its space to a high type of fiction, poetry, and reviews of contemporary literature, but every number contained also an assortment of

articles which celebrated the prevailing activities of men and women in all worth-while fields of effort. There were discussions of present-day politics, and these even became personal dissections of presidential candidates; there were articles on the racial characters of the American population: Theodore Roosevelt was permitted to discuss the New York police; Woodrow Wilson to pass in review the several elements that made the Nation; Booker T. Washington to picture the awakening of the Negro; John Muir to enlighten Americans upon a national beauty and wealth of which they had been woefully ignorant, their forests; William Allen White to describe certain aspects of his favourite Kansas; E. L. Godkin to review the dangers and the hopes of American democracy; Jacob Riis to tell about the Battle with the Slum; and W. G. Frost to reveal for the first time the archaic civilization of the Kentucky mountaineers were really Elizabethan survivals; that their rewriting titles. Mr. Frost's theme was that these Kentucky mountaineers were really Elizabethan survivals; that their dialect, their ballads, their habits were really a case of arrested development; that by studying them present-day Americans could get a picture of their distant forbears. Page gave a vitality to the presentation by changing a commonplace title to this one: 'Our Contemporary Ancestors.'

"There were those who were offended by Page's willingness to seek inspiration on the highways and byways and even in newspapers, for not infrequently he would find hidden away in a corner an idea that would result in valuable magazine matter. On one occasion at least this practice had important literary consequences. One day he happened to read that a Mrs. Robert Hanning had died in Toronto, the account casually mentioning the fact that Mrs. Hanning was the youngest sister of Thomas Carlyle. Page handed this clipping to a

young assistant, and told him to take the first train to Canada. The editor could easily divine that a sister of Carlyle, expatriated for forty-six years on this side of the Atlantic, must have received a large number of letters from her brother, and it was safe to assume that they had been carefully preserved. Such proved to be the fact; and a new volume of Carlyle letters, of somewhat more genial character than the other collections, was the outcome of this visit. And another fruit of this journalistic habit was 'The Memoirs of a Revolutionist,' by Prince Peter Kropotkin. In 1897 the great Russian nihilist was lecturing in Boston. Page met him, learned from his own lips his story, and persuaded him to put it in permanent form. This willingness of Page to admit such a revolutionary person into the pages of The Atlantic caused some excitement in conventional circles. In fact, it did take some courage, but Page never hesitated; the man was of heroic mould, he had a great story to tell, he wielded an engaging pen, and his purposes were high-minded. A great book of memoirs was the result.

"Mr. Sedgwick refers above to Page's editorial fervour when Miss Mary Johnston's 'Prisoners of Hope' first fell out of the blue sky into his Boston office. Page's joy was not less keen because the young author was a Virginia girl and because she had discovered that the early period of Virginia history was a field for romance. When, a few months afterward, Page was casting about for an Atlantic serial, Miss Johnston and this Virginia field seemed to be an especially favourable prospect. 'Prisoners of Hope' had been published as a book and had made a good success, but Miss Johnston's future still lay ahead of her. With Page to think meant to act, and so, instead of writing a formal letter, he at once jumped on a train for Birmingham, Alabama, where Miss Johnston

was then living. 'I remember quite distinctly that first meeting,' writes Miss Johnston. 'The day was rainy. Standing at my window I watched Mr. Page—a characteristic figure, air and walk—approach the house. When a few minutes later I met him he was simplicity and kindness itself. This was my first personal contact with publishers (my publishers) or with editors of anything so great as The Atlantic. My heart beat! But he was friendly and Southern. I told him what I had done upon a new story. He was going on that night. Might he take the manuscript with him and read it upon the train? It might —he couldn't say positively, of course—but it might have serial possibilities. I was only too glad for him to have the manuscript. I forget just how many chapters I had completed. But it was not quite in order. Could I get it so in a few hours? In that case he would send a messenger for it from the hotel. Yes, I could. Very good! A little further talk and he left with a strong handshake. Three or four hours later he had the manuscript and took it with him from Birmingham that night.'

"Page's enterprising visit had put into his hands the half-finished manuscript of a story, 'To Have and to Hold,' which, when printed in The Atlantic, more than doubled its circulation, and which, when made into a book, proved one of the biggest successes since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

"Page's most independent stroke in his Atlantic days came with the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Boston was then the headquarters of a national mood which has almost passed out of popular remembrance. Its spokesmen called themselves anti-imperialists. The theory back of their protest was that the American declaration of war with Spain was not only the wanton attack of a great bully upon a feeble little country: it was something that was bound to have deplorable

consequences. The United States was breaking with its past and engaging in European quarrels; as a consequence of the war it would acquire territories and embark on a career of 'imperialism.' Page was impatient at this kind of twaddle. He declared that the Spanish War was a 'necessary act of surgery for the health of civilization.' He did not believe that a nation, simply because it was small, should be permitted to maintain indefinitely a human slaughter house at the door of the United States. The Atlantic for June, 1898, gave the so-called anti-imperialists a thrill of horror. On the cover appeared the defiantly flying American flag; the first article was a vigorous and approving presentation of the American case against Spain; though this was unsigned, its incisive style at once betrayed the author. The Atlantic had printed the American flag on its cover during the Civil War; but certain New Englanders thought that this latest struggle, in its motives and its proportions, was hardly entitled to the distinction. Page declared, however, that the Spanish War marked a new period in history; and he endorsed the McKinley Administration, not only in the war itself, but in its consequences, particularly the annexation of the Philippine Islands.

"Page greatly enjoyed life in Boston and Cambridge. The Atlantic was rapidly growing in circulation and in influence, and the new friends that its editor was making were especially to his taste. He now had a family of four children, three boys and one girl—and their bringing up and education, as he said at this time, constituted his real occupation. So far as he could see, in the summer of 1899, he was permanently established in life. But larger events in the publishing world now again pulled him back to New York."

Whether it be true that cultured people, the largest class of Atlantic Monthly readers, be on the whole a conservative

group, it is hardly to be denied that the magazine itself is a conservative publication. This is evidenced by two facts: the staid simplicity of its make-up, practically no illustrated matter being used; and the air of calm dignity that permeates its pages. Hence it is that the circle of its clientele is, compared with more plebian publications, somewhat narrow and limited.

In two issues of The Atlantic chosen at random the following strictly informative articles were found: On The Technique of Being Deaf, Ernest Elmo Calkins; An Engagement on The Rhine, Francis Kuntz Read; Nyasaland Sketches, Hans Coudenhove; Literature in College, Elizabeth A. Drew; In China, Too; The Phenomenon of The New Woman, Pearl S. Buck; Labor Once Lost, Robert Hunter; The Return of the Turk, Charles F. G. Masterman; The European Chaos, Guglielmo Ferrero; The Drug Habit in Finance, H. H. Powers; Should America Support the New World Court? Manley O. Hudson; The New Heredity, Vernon Kellogg; Woods Treacheries, Herbert Ravenel Sass; Communists and Plowshares, Louis Levine; Revolutionizing Religion in Europe, Kenneth D. Miller; Irish Backgrounds, C. H. Bretherton; British and Islam, Arthur Moore.

Articles manifestly of both informative and entertaining value were found in the same two issues as follows: The Diary of Joseph Farington, edited by James Greig; Lafcadio Hearn's Brother, Henry Tracy Kneeland; The Ancient Days of the Spanish War, edited by Lawrence S. Mayo; the Ghost-plays of Japan, L. Adams Beak; A Chinese Journey, Seal Thompson; Christ in Oberammergau, Ferdinand Reyher; The Point of View in American Criticism, Stuart P. Sherman; Urban Sketches, Edward Yeomans; The Quare Women; The Widow Man, Lucy Furman; John Brown: An American Portrait,

Gamaliel Bradford; What are College Games For? Alexander Meiklejohn.

As purely entertaining matter these features appeared: A Prelude: A Poem, Lawrence Binyon; Apirit: a poem, Adele Lathrop; Only A Conversation: a Story, Viola L. Paradise; Hail and Farewell: an essay for Wanderers, Charlotte E. Wilder; The Silver Cup: a story, Jean Kenyon McKenzie; Rivers Unknown to Song, Alice Meynell; To Rebecca, Growing Up: a poem, Fannie Stearns Gifford.

Four regular departments are maintained by The Atlantic Monthly Magazine. They are: The Contributor's Club, a page of letters or short articles from contributors; The Contributor's Column, anecdotes about or descriptions of contributors; Atlantic Shop Talk, the chatter of the office; and The Atlantic Bookshelf, a review of the new books.

Advertising matter composes from forty to fifty per cent of the total contents of this magazine, of which advertising notices of new books or of schools compose approximately one-third.

The present editor of The Atlantic Monthly is Ellery Sedgwick. He is also president of the publishing company. Other notable recent editors of the publication have been the late Walter Hines Page, United States Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, and Bliss Perry, now in the Harvard faculty.

THE CENTURY

Edited by such a distinguished figure as Glenn Frank, The Century holds a peculiar and elevated position in the realm of magazines; so peculiar, in fact, that it is difficult to be classified as either informative or entertaining, but rather as both. It does both excellently. Because such a pleasant sensation takes

hold of the reader as he absorbs the contents of The Century, because of its dignified appearance, the brilliancy of its contents, and the mentally select clientele that it appeals to, the author hesitatingly attaches this work to the informative group, admitting at the same time that it is highly entertaining.

The Century is an illustrated monthly, and in its present form is a continuation of Scribner's Monthly, founded in New York in 1879.[1] Glenn Frank is editor-in-chief and L. Frank Tooker, Helen V. Tooker, Carl Van Doren, and George Still Leonard are associates. Other editors have been J. G. Holland, R. W. Gilder, R. U. Johnson, and R. S. Yard.

The content of The Century is always of the highest type. This statement will be borne out by the following lists of titles taken from the table of contents of two issues separated in time of publication by months. Author's names are appended:

The Tree, a story by Walter De La Mare; On the Sonde of Smell by W. H. Hudson; Miracle, a story by Bernice Brown; Religion in the United States by Mary Austin; A Reputation, a story by Richard Connell; Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wiggam Disagree by Albert Edward Wiggam; Six Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes; Admiral Horthy by Eugene S. Bagger; Jerrup, a story by James Hopper; Our Medicine Men by One of Them; The Wise Man, a poem by L. A. G. Strong; The Wind Bloweth, a serial novel by Donn Byrne; Adventures of An Illustrator by Joseph Pennell; The Month in World Affairs by Lothrop Stoddard; An American Looks at His World by the Editor; Among Our Contributors, and Investment and Banking.

For the other issue the titles are: The Truce That Came Too Late, a story by Stephen McKenna; A Reply, a

[1]For a complete history of the establishment and early years of The Century Magazine see "Remembered Yesterdays" by Robert Underwood Johnson, Boston, 1924.

poem by Sara Teasdale; Criminal Communication by Waldemar Kaempffert; Eastward Ho! by Alfred E. Zimmern; Dedication for a Book of Verse, A Capital Poem by M. U. C. Pickthall; The Winged Baby by Edwina Stanton Babcock; More of an Arabian Anabasis by E. Alexander Powell; Faint Perfume, a serial novel by Zona Gale; Guanajuato, Pages From A Mexican Sketch-Book by Florence Minard; The New Woman in Egypt by Grace Thompson Seton; The Scar, a story by Fleta Cambell Springer; Bookless Philosophers by Morris G. Hindus; London Types by Stacy Aumonier; The Last of the Vikings by Johan Bojer; Old Wisdom in a New Tongue by Carl Van Doren; The Century Survey of Current Books; An American Looks at His World by The Editor; Investment and Banking.

These features are more or less frequently found in The Century: Among Our Contributors, a page or more devoted to intimate letters, from our notes about the authors; A Personality Page; Informal Talks about The Century Magazine, and Notes from The American Golfer.

A conspicuous fact about The Century is the readableness of its pages. Large, un-ornate type of a style eagerly read is used in combination with a very high class of paper. In addition, sufficient plates such as etchings, photographs, or illustrations of stories and articles are used, giving the magazine a finished, well-balanced appearance.

Less advertising is found in The Century than probably in any other magazine belonging to its exclusive circle of worth-while publications. While some periodicals carry as much as fifty per cent advertising, hardly more than twenty per cent of the matter in The Century is of this type. Only reputable advertisers find space in The Century.

From these facts and from the character of the informative and entertaining matter offered by the publication, one concludes that it caters to a somewhat narrow but refined circle of highly intelligent and cultured readers.

THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Although at the time of the writing of the manuscript[1] of this book it is less than a year old, The Literary Digest International Book Review has already attained for itself a permanent place in the field of worth-while magazines. It is almost phenomenal the speed with which this periodical pushed itself to the forefront of the informative magazines, and especially periodicals devoted to books and book reviews. Like the other publication of The Funk and Wagnalls Company, The Literary Digest, The Literary Digest International Book Review contains within its pages an education, and it is obvious that a constant reading of this work cannot help but profit one mentally.

The International Book Review's editor and managing-editor is Clifford Smyth; its business-managers are the board of directors of the publishing company. In its statement of management, the following are given as its owners: Robert J. Cuddihy, E. F. Cuddihy, Eleanor M. Funk, Wilfred J. Funk, Clara L. Neisel, and the Funk and Wagnalls Company. The price of the magazine is twenty-five cents.

Founded recently, with its first number appearing in December, 1922, it is intended to perform just such a function as its title implies; namely, to present a monthly review, national in scope, of the books appearing since its last going to press. Competent critics are employed regularly

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or for special occasions to write criticisms of the new publications. In addition to this function, it also contains articles by successful writers, articles calculated to appeal strongly to the book-lover because of the intimate insight into the personality of the author they afford.

In one issue of The Book Review, for example, the following articles are found:

Choosing the New Century's Best Books — a discussion by Hilaire Belloc, Henry Seidel Canby, Gertrude Atherton, Van Wyck Brooks, Christopher Morley, William Lyon Phelps, Maurice Francis Egan, Carl Van Vechten, John Erskine, Richard Le Gallienne; P. T. Barnum, Father of Modern Publicity — Houdini; Norway's Return to Art for Art's Sake, — Johan Bojer; The Mystery and Charm of W. H. Hudson — William Lyon Phelps; M. Coué Studies America and Applies His Method — Joseph Collins; Ancient Egypt in Modern Fiction — Louise Maunsell Field; Bringing Boys, Girls, and Books Together — Hildegarde Hawthorne.

An editorial entitled "The Ten Best Books" — by the Editor; Mr. Robinson's Novel in Blank Verse — Richard Le Gallienne; Nine Characters in Search of An Ego — Lloyd Morris; Mr. Cobb Makes Revelations by The Stick — Charles Willis Thompson; Anonymous Novelist Pictures London in Wartime — Mary K. Ford; Some Victorians and Others in Playful Mood — Edward L. Shuman; Creative Writing in Australia and New Zealand — Jane Mander; The Diary of an Eighteenth Century Pepys—Robert S. Hillyer; A Treasure House of Lost Quotations — Brander Matthews; The Growing Pains of American Democracy — Maurice Francis Egan; Springtime Wanderings Among Outdoor

Books — A. Donald Douglass; The Russian Revolution in a Novel — Alexander I. Nazaroff.

There were also in this number the following unsigned articles, three in number, and five regular departments, as named:

Building a Lighthouse for the Blind; With the Makers of Books in America; 1. The House of Putnam; A Main Street Picture of Washington; The Literary Question Box; Books Talked About in Literary Europe; Important Books of the Month; A Close-up of the Books and Authors; In This Month's Fiction Library.

An ingenious method of calling the reader's attention to the new books is used by the editors of The Book Review. Below an article dealing with a certain subject, as for instance, Ancient Egypt in Modern Fiction, are printed the names of books whose subject matter is that of the article, followed in each case by the name of the publisher and such other information as may be necessary.

Most of the advertising which composes possibly one-fourth of the total space is given over to the notices of books.

For the man of any education at all, a book is the best of friends. How fortunate, then, it is there is a publication like The Literary Digest International Book Review which will guide individuals in the selection of their new books.

CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE

H. G. Wells, eminent historian, novelist, and writer, in an outline of what everyone should read says that history is the first step and then comes biography, current history, Plato's Republic, The Book of Mark in the New Testament, and a reasonable amount of good fiction. In making this

prescription doubtless Mr. Wells did not know that he was actually naming one of the best magazines devoted to the cause its name indicates this country has ever produced. It is the Current History Magazine published by the New York Times Company and like the great newspaper published by that same company, it is reliable, dignified, and designed for the individual who can appreciate the best that can be put on the printed page.

The Current History Magazine is strictly an informative monthly magazine. History is constantly in the making; big world currents are flowing like a mighty river gathering on their waves the little chips of life as well as the huge ships that steam around the world.

This magazine had its beginning with the late World War and is recognized as an authoritative publication of history. Everything and anything that is historical in character is here treated by the best writers on the subject. Men in prominent positions, authorities in their line of work or profession write the articles.

There are no special departments as in so many informative magazines—with one exception—that of Events of the Month Throughout the World, which is an indexed paragraphic catalogue of the events in every country of the world as its title indicates.

In a representative issue are found such names as Augustin Edwards, president of the League of Nations; William E. Gonzales, former United States Minister to Peru; Henry Noble McCracken, president of Vassar College; M. Temados, Greek Minister to the United States; Ray Luman Wilbur, president of the American Medical Association; Bernhard G. Richards, Secretary of the Jewish Commission; Mrs. Edward S. White, Deputy Attorney

General of Indiana; Andrew Tardieu; Dr. Edward J. Bing; and others.

Leading articles of the month in this issue were: America's Need of a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law; Latin America and the League of Nations; the Dictatorship of Benito Mussolini; Greek Defeat in Turkey — An Allied Disaster; Why Bootlegging Flourishes; The Attack by Lloyd George of French Policy; Overseas — Britain's New Place in the Empire's Councils; Religion and Morals in Bolshevist Russia; Progress of Women in Turkey; New Light on the Destruction of Smyrna; and China Bankrupt, Yet Prosperous.

Readers of The Current History Magazine by the reading process throw themselves with the leading thought of a progressing nation and set before their minds dishes from the mental kitchens of the most eminent chefs of mind food and delicacies.

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

Hearst's International is a magazine of recent birth having been organized and started by William Randolph Hearst and is published by the International Magazine Company, New York City, of which Mr. Hearst is the president.

It is edited by Norman Hapgood, one of the foremost editors of the country who has wide experience in the field of journalism. He is a graduate of Harvard and holds besides the Bachelor of Arts degree of that institution those of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Laws also. He served as dramatic critic for The Bookman at one time and later as editor of Collier's Magazine, and Harper's Weekly. He is the author of a number of books. Mr. Hapgood's edi-

torials are among the best on a variety of subjects. They head the list of articles and stories of which the Hearst's is composed.

Hearst's International sponsors various movements of a reformatory nature. In one issue appeared articles on "The Dope Question" and the Ku Klux Klan. Other special articles were: In Regards to Genius by Ring Lardner; Jews in American Colleges by Arthur Gleason; a "Talk" by Walt Mason; What To Do About Coal by Henry Ford told to Allan L. Brown; and The New Young Life in Germany by Anna Louise Strong.

There are generally seven or eight short stories, and several articles by such writers as H. G. Wells, writing Men Like Gods; The Temptress by Blasco Ibanez; and mystery stories by E. Phillips Oppenheim. These, it may readily be seen, are by renowned writers. The Hearst International has a high literary standard and if perhaps of a rather sensational character has its place among the magazines. There are criticisms of plays each month, poems, and many illustrations of very good quality, all making for variety and spice.

Mr. Hearst knows the psychology of the American public it is said and it must be so for his publications are very popular. He is the owner of a score of newspapers and several magazines.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

The value of travel as a means of acquiring knowledge has long been a recognized fact. Some even attach so much importance to travel that they consider it the equivalent of a college or university education. Whether this latter

statement is true will not be said, but it is certain that there is an inestimable value attached to travel, not to forget much pleasure.

Some are so situated that because of ample finances and time, travel is a very easy thing. To others it is not so easy. Especially to this latter class, and in a large way to the former, The National Geographic Magazine fulfills a great need in the cultivation of the human mind in familiarizing it with remote lands. And because it so well serves in its particular sphere, it deserves a conspicuous place among the great informative periodicals.

The National Geographic Magazine is published by the National Geographic Society, whose headquarters is in Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D. C. and is an illustrated monthly periodical, designedly informative but with valuable entertaining features. Gilbert Grosvenor is editor of the publication and also president of the publishing company. His associate editors are: John Oliver La Force, William J. Showalter, Ralph A. Graves, Franklin L. Fisher, and J. R. Hildebrand, all men who rank high in that branch of literature concerned with geographic discovery and exploration. On the board of twenty-four trustees are found such prominent names as that of William Howard Taft, Rear Admiral C. M. Chester, Alexander Graham Bell, recently deceased, Major General A. W. Greely, Henry White, and others.

The statement of the society itself gives the best clue to the purpose and scope of the National Geographic Magazine. In its words, the magazine is organized for "the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge." To this end the society has financed without other aid expeditions sent out to explore various countries, and has materially

assisted in many similar undertakings. Among those of which it was the sole sponsor were the expedition to Mt. Katmai in Alaska, following the violent eruption of that volcano several years ago; the voyage of Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole; and an expedition to Peru for the purpose of studying the remains of the once-marvellous Inca civilization developed long before the advent of the Spaniard. It is also conducting at present extensive explorations in New Mexico, where similar evidences of an early but well-advanced civilization are to be found.

Articles appearing in the magazine are written by various contributors on subjects of popular interest about customs, traditions, or happenings in other parts of the world. These articles are comparatively long and seldom more than four appear in the same edition. Among articles contributed to recent numbers of this magazine are the following:

The Great Wall of China, Adam Warwick; The Battle Line of Languages in Western Europe, A. L. Guerrard; Daily Life in Calabria; Encircling Navajo Mountain With A Pack Train, Charles L. Bernheimer; Denmark and The Danes, Maurice Francis Egan; The Fight at the Timberline, John Oliver La Force; Views of the Lincoln Memorial; The Arctic as an Air Route of The Future, Vilhjalmur Stefansson; The Far Eastern Republic, James B. Wood; The Splendor of Rome, Florence Craig Albrecht; Capri, The Island Retreat of the Roman Emperors, Morgan Haskell; Constantinople Today, Solita Solano; Cathedrals of The Old and The New World, J. Bernard Walker; Camargue, The Cowboy Country of Southern France, Dr. Andre Vialles; Midsummer Wild Flowers; Lisbon, The City of the Friendly Bay, Herbert Corey; A Longitudinal Journey

Through Chile, Harriet Chalmers Adams; Some Aspects of Rural Japan, Walter Weston; The Glory That Was Greece, Alexander W. Weddell; The Island of Sardinia and Its People, Guido Costa; Vienna, A Capital Without A Nation, Solita Solano; The Magic Beauty of Snow and Dew, Wilson A. Bentley.

Much care has always been given to the illustrated matter of the National Geographic, and this department conforms fully to the general excellence of the periodical. All branches of photography are utilized where they can best serve. Since the invention of color photography, it has been a conspicuous feature.

The Society was founded in 1889 and shortly afterwards began publication of the magazine.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

When a book has the name Scribner's stamped on it as the publisher, it immediately brands that book as among the best because there is no house with a better reputation than Charles Scribner's Sons. And what is true of its book is in the same way true of the magazine, Scribner's. Thoroughly informative, there is no more delightful and entertaining reading to be found anywhere than in this magazine.

The officers of the company which publishes Scribner's are: Charles Scribner, president; Arthur H. Scribner, treasurer; and Charles Scribner, Jr., secretary. The magazine is in its seventy-third volume.

Scribner's Magazine is divided into a number of sections, and in order that a clearer idea may be had as to the content of the periodical each will be treated separately.

The Special Articles Department contains articles on a variety of subjects such as art, literature, science, politics, travel, etc. The following articles by the authors named appeared in this department of an issue: Some Reflections of Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Edmund Radcliffe Pears; Sketches from an Old French Town, Perry Barlow; Under Glass, Percy Marks; From Immigrant to Inventor, Michael Pupin; Thomas Nelson Page, Armstead C. Gordon; Mainsprings of Men, Whiting Williams; Edward Livermore Burlingame.

In the Stories Department are found serials and short stories by America's leading short story writers, the following being representative: A Son at the Front (Serial) by Edith Wharton, Ignition by Vaema Clark, The House Wreckers by Badger Clark, "Upps" by Henry H. Curran, The Ship by John P. Marquard.

The Poems Department consists of short poems and verses by moderns, some of those published being: The Olympians by Edmund Wilson, Jr., Winter Moonshine by Evelyn M. Watson, Retrospect by William H. Hayne.

Under a department named Department appear the following: As I Like It by William Lyon Phelps, The Point of View, The Field of Art by Frank Weitenkampf, and The Financial Situation by Alexander Dana Noyes. In the front of each number appear short sketches of the writers contributing to the current number.

Scribner's Magazine is one of the best of its type on the market today. It is profusely but tastefully illustrated, is well made up, is printed on good paper, carries artistic advertisements, sells for a nominal price, and, above all, offers the magazine reader articles of exceptional interest

and permanent value. Robert Bridges is editor of Scribner's Magazine.

Charles Scribner was born in 1821 and died in 1871. Together with Isaac D. Baker and Charles Welford, he established in 1865 Hours at Home which in 1870 became Scribner's Monthly and was then published by a separate company, composed of the above three men together with Dr. J. G. Holland and Roswell Smith. Dr. Holland was the first editor. In 1881, Scribner's Monthly was sold and was rechristened Century Magazine. On the death of Mr. Scribner in 1871, the firm was reorganized under the name of Scribner, Armstrong and Company. The name Charles Scribner's Sons was assumed in 1879 and the new Scribner's Magazine was established. The magazine has been published regularly since then and has gained a wide circulation and great popularity.

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And so from these reviews of the thoroughly informative magazines which because of their intrinsic value and the very nature of their contents have gained places of supremacy in the magazine field, the statement made earlier in this work that the magazine is an institution — a great institution — is more than sustained. If there were no entertaining magazines, if there were no other informative magazines other than these that have been taken up — and there are others of undisputed value and character — the magazine would be more than entitled to the position that it holds today in the education of the mind, the elevation of the moral instinct, the perfection of the cultural nature, and the progress of individuals and nations. Truly there is no one institution upon which people are so dependent as the magazine.

CHAPTER IV

The Entertaining Magazine

IT HAS been said that man is put into the world for two purposes, viz., the satisfaction of the personal *ego,* to be happy, and to get the amount of pleasure to which he is justly entitled; and, second, to be of service, to be useful, and to make the world a little better, happier, and more beautiful for his having lived in it. Obviously, the magazine as an institution contributes greatly to both of these major functions of the human being in this universe. It has already been shown that as a factor in intellectual uplift, moral betterment, and civic, social, and municipal progress, the informative magazine holds an indisputably lofty pinnacle.

And just as the informative magazine has done so much for one of the main purposes of life — that purpose that teaches us to make the world brighter and more brilliant for our having lived in it — so does the entertaining magazine do much in the way of satisfying the personal *ego,* making hundreds happier, and causing them to get that amount of legitimate pleasure to which they are justly entitled. Surely there is nothing that can so completely remove a man from his humdrum and monotonous surroundings as the stimulation of the human imagination; and of all the known factors for doing this, there is nothing so reliable and pleasant as high class, entertaining fiction.

It is a well known fact that all of the great writers of fiction for magazines are men of great imaginative ability

and for those who are not so situated that they can travel extensively, and, even those that can, for that matter, nothing could be more thoroughly delightful or entertaining than to wander with the minds of these great authors. "How much happier is the individual," as Charles Lamb says, "when he is walking about and around rather than to and fro."

There are many notable examples of authors whose imaginative powers are so very powerful that they are even the wonder of their own contemporaries. To some, H. G. Wells, the great English writer, stands out for his uncanny prophetic capability. Even at this time,[1] there is appearing in serial form in one of the more important magazines a novel of his entitled "Men Like Gods" which very vividly pictures what the author believes will be the situation and conditions on this terrestrial ball possibly two thousand years hence.

Only a man with an extremely powerful imagination could, as Mr. Wells has done, paint a picture of this world transformed into a kind of Utopia where unheard of progress has been made in all of the great fields including art, medicine, science, government, politics, thought — everything. To the millions of people scattered here and yon who never have a thought outside of their own little world, it must be entertaining, far more than many realize, to go with a writer like this one to the land where language has more or less ceased to exist and in its place thought is transferred from person to person; where marriage and divorce have been abandoned and in their places substituted a deep and abiding love, and with it a method for the production and raising of a hitherto unheard of perfect

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specimen of offspring; where police and officers do not exist, but where diseased and those inclined to be criminal are restored to health and sanity; where every individual possesses a machine for flying through the clouds and another for riding on the surface of the earth; in fact, where everything is just as the name would indicate — a real Utopia.

Mr. Wells is not the only writer who possesses this type of imagination; to a lesser or equivalent degree, in many of the short stories or serials in the higher types of entertaining magazines of today are to be found trips into imaginative regions that are sources of genuine delight and real pleasure. It is easily seen, then, that the entertaining periodical, as a part of the magazine as an institution is already excellently playing a leading role.

The entertaining type of magazine did not appear until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Matthew Carey began the Columbian Magazine in September, 1786. It was modelled after the London Magazine and was the most ambitious undertaking of its kind up to this date. The preface to the initial volume of this periodical stated that its purpose was to communicate essays of entertainment without sacrificing decency to wit, and to disseminate the works of science without sacrificing intrinsic utility to a critical consideration of style and composition; and it indulged the pleasing and patriotic hope of advancing the best interests of society.

No sooner had The Columbian made its appearance than many editors of the informative type of magazine began to attack it, asking such questions as "Prettily written, but to what end?" The entertaining type of periodical had a hard struggle in the beginning, but judging from

the number on the market today, it seems safe to say that it has secured a firm hold. The first century of the magazine history saw many magazines spring up and die after a few issues were published; even at this early period that eternal disposition of periodicals to multiply faster than traffic can stand was evinced. History records that at least forty-five magazines were begun in the eighteenth century, including besides those addressed to the general public one musical, a military, a children's, and a German religious magazine. Obviously in the beginning, as today, the magazine was over-exploited.

While the number of entertaining magazines published today is nothing like so large as the number of informative periodicals, because in the latter group fall all the trade journals and specialized periodicals, there are so many of these entertaining works that obviously all cannot be considered. For this reason, as was so in the preceding chapter, only the best — those which are conspicuous for their quality and distinction of contributors will be discussed here.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Because of its universal popularity, its large circulation, and the noteworthiness of its content — not excluding the advertisements, The Saturday Evening Post will be the first entertaining magazine to be taken up. Published by the same concern, The Curtis Publishing Company, the Post has won for itself a distinction and opening into the intelligent and cultured homes of America equal to that of The Ladies' Home Journal. And with this, it has acquired yet another distinction; it has the largest circulation of any

American magazine. Founded in 1728[1] by Benjamin Franklin, it has grown steadily and in the early part of 1923, more than two million and a quarter copies were being distributed weekly.. The personnel of the editorial department consists of George Horace Lorimer, editor, and Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh, T. B. Costain, and Thomas L. Masson, associate editors. The magazine, now in its one hundred and ninety-fifth volume,[2] retails for five cents in this country and for ten cents in Canada, the subscription price being two dollars per year.

The Saturday Evening Post is a combination of the informative and entertaining types; but because there is a greater amount of entertaining matter, it is classed as such. The short stories and serials carried on its pages represent the highest type of fiction produced by contemporary writers, and the more sober treatises on financial and economic questions bear the stamp of unmistakable reliability. Occasionally memoirs and recollections of noted people appear in The Post. These articles are replete with fascination from beginning to end.

Regarding the early history of The Post and the part Cyrus H. K. Curtis played in making a success of this magazine, Edward W. Bok says much of interest in his biography of the great Philadelphia publisher, "A Man From Maine."

"During all his busy days establishing The Ladies' Home Journal, Mr. Curtis never lost sight of his pet idea to create a paper for men," writes Mr. Bok. "That idea had been firmly implanted in his mind with the reading of

[1]The Saturday Evening Post is an outgrowth of Franklin's The Pennsylvania Gazette, established in 1728 as a newspaper, and its origin should not be confused with Franklin's The Gentleman's Magazine, founded in 1741, to live for only a few issues.

[2]1922

Richard B. Kimball's business stories in his boyhood. The chief interest in a man's life, he argued, was the fight for a livelihood; in other words, business. It naturally followed in his mind that men would read about what vitally interested them, provided they were given a true reflection of their problems. He read business story after business story only to be disgusted with the inaccuracy; their false reflection of business methods. He met with the same inaccurate representation of the business world in the plays he saw. All this the more strongly convinced him that there was a field, wide open and waiting, for the man who would put into the hands of business men business stories and business articles which they would recognize as being written by men who knew the machinery of business affairs.

"He would explain his idea to men, and, almost unanimously, they would disagree with him. 'Men don't want to read about business,' they argued. 'When their business day is over they want to read about something else.'

"'But the romance in business!' Mr. Curtis argued.

"'There is none,' he would be told. But he knew better. Had not his own life demonstrated the marvellous, adventurous and romantic elements in business?

"So he clung tenaciously to his idea. No argument discouraged him. 'Some day,' he thought to himself, 'I will show them the thrill and romance there is in business rightly written about.'

"Patiently he abided his time.

"Why or how he came to fix upon The Saturday Evening Post as his medium through which he was to realize his pet dream, he does not remember, except, as he says, the paper had always attracted him as he met it each week in his exchanges as a legacy left to Philadelphia by Benjamin

Franklin. It was Franklin who, in 1728, founded the paper under the title of The Pennsylvania Gazette. He edited and published it for a number of years, and then sold it to his grandson. Meanwhile six other papers of all sorts had been born in Philadelphia, all having as part of their title the word Gazette. So in 1821, to avoid a constant confusion of names, the name was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The spirit of enterprise of that day must have been put into the venture, for in 1839 it had a circulation of thirty-five thousand copies, the largest circulation of that day of any weekly in the United States. The most famous statesmen and writers of the time were among its contributors, and it ranked as the most important publication of the time.

"The weekly passed into various ownerships in Philadelphia, then its proprietorship passed to a resident of Brooklyn, New York, although the place of publication remained in Philadelphia, and finally it was purchased by Albert Smyth, of Philadelphia, whose property it was when Mr. Curtis came to the Quaker city.

"The paper had never missed an issue since the evacuation of Philadelphia in the War of the Revolution, and its ownership was a matter of pride with Smyth. He and Mr. Curtis would often talk about the history and tradition of the paper, and it was from these chats that Mr. Curtis believes his interest in the weekly began to grow. From curiosity rather than from design, Mr. Curtis had the history of the paper looked up, and it was not long before Smyth acknowledged that his friend knew more about it than he knew himself.

"Its circulation was slowly dwindling. No one gave it any special attention. A reporter on the Philadelphia

Times, in his odd moments, was supposed to be its editor at the princely salary of ten dollars per week, and he 'scissored' its contents or purchased material published years ago.

"Mr. Curtis could not help feeling regret that a paper with such traditions was allowed to run down, and he began finally to speculate what Smyth intended doing with it, if anything; or, if he would sell it, what was it worth. It was only a shell, but there was the tradition back of it. After all, Benjamin Franklin had founded it, and that was an asset which could be built upon.

"Smyth now transferred what little interest he ever had in The Saturday Evening Post to a gas project in Chicago, and went there, leaving the paper in charge of a friend named Brady to look after until he returned. He was to make 'his pile' in Chicago, and then come back to Philadelphia and revivify the weekly.

"One day in 1897 Brady walked into Mr. Curtis's office, and with him was a lawyer.

"'Smyth has passed away,' Brady announced. 'His only heir is a sister. She will not put up any money to get out this week's issue. You are the only man I can turn to for money.'

"Then Mr. Curtis told them something they had not known. No copyright covered the name The Saturday Evening Post. The owners had neglected to register it. If an issue was missed, if the heir did not furnish the money to get it out, any one could take up the name.

"The lawyer confirmed this.

"Mr. Curtis said he would not do anything like that.

"'You see you really haven't anything to sell!' he remarked. 'However, I'll give you one thousand dollars for the paper, type and all.'

"After some discussion, he paid one hundred dollars down, the other nine hundred dollars to be paid when he got clear title.

"One of the young men in the Curtis establishment was sent down with a wagon to the printing-office to bring up the stock of battered type, and as soon as it arrived that week's issue was thrown together and the paper put out, so as to save the right to the title by continuous publication.

"The imprint of the Curtis Publishing Company was placed on this number. About two thousand names were found to represent the subscription list, and so accustomed were these readers to the reprinted material which had been offered them that when Mr. Curtis subsituted original matter, they promptly allowed their subscriptions to lapse! So, he had almost a clean slate to begin with: no subscribers and no advertisers. He had paid one thousand dollars for a title and the name of Benjamin Franklin.

"It seemed like buying little, yet after all what is there to purchase in a magazine but the title and its good-will? The good-will in this instance was represented in the name of the great American.

"From the day it was announced that Mr. Curtis had bought Benjamin Franklin's paper, and was to transform it into a weekly for business men, lamentations were heard on every side. One after another of his friends deplored his purchase and his plan. Inside of his own establishment, 'the singed cat,' as it was called, received anything but a warm welcome. The Ladies' Home Journal was steadily mounting in its accumulation of profits, and why

should these hard-earned profits be eaten up by this weekly which, according to unanimous opinion, was destined to be a dire failure.

"The 'singed cat' was only fit for the process of chloroforming!

"Mr Curtis was not unaware of the opposition to his new venture both within and without his establishment, but he kept his own counsel, and went on a quest for an editor. That was the first thing. Meanwhile one of the editors on The Ladies' Home Journal staff was delegated to look after the fortunes of the weekly until a regular editor could be found.

"Mr. Curtis had some time before watched the editorship of Arthur Sherburne Hardy on The Cosmopolitan Magazine, and had made a mental note of his capacity in case he should at any time need an editor. The editor-novelist had made a readable magazine of The Cosmopolitan, and had built up its circulation. Mr. Curtis now recalled this impression which he had registered and looked up Hardy, who, he found, had gone into the diplomatic service and was United States minister to Persia.

"Nothing daunted, Mr. Curtis got into communication with the minister, told him of his purchase and plans and asked if Hardy was to be anywhere in the near future where he would be more accessible and they could have a talk. The minister replied that he planned to be in Paris shortly, and could Mr. Curtis meet him there? Mr. Curtis said he would, and prepared to sail.

"Meanwhile, a mutual friend spoke to Mr. Curtis about a young man in Boston whom he believed had editorial possibilities within him. His name was George Horace Lorimer, the son of the Reverend George C. Lorimer, who

preached in Tremont Temple, in Boston, for some years. Mr. Curtis was going to Boston on other business, promised to look the young man over and wrote to him asking him to come and see him at the Hotel Touraine.

"When Mr. Curtis met Lorimer the young man told him he had had business experience with the Armours in Chicago, but had left there, although at twenty-two he was receiving the unusual salary of five thousand dollars per year, because he wanted to go into journalism. The pork merchant had demurred at the young man's 'rainbow aspirations,' but young Lorimer persisted, went to Colby University, in Maine, where he took a two years' course in the study of general literature, and then became a reporter for another two years on the Boston Post, which he had then recently left to devote himself to free-lance literary work. He was, therefore, in a receptive mood to listen to a proposition from Mr. Curtis, who, favorably impressed by him, offered him a position 'as a young man on the staff of The Post to do anything he could,' at a thousand dollars a year. Never for a moment did Mr. Curtis dream that he had found his editor.

"Lorimer went to Philadelphia, took hold of what he could find to do on The Post, and showed such clear-headed common sense in his suggestions in the three weeks in which he had to show his work before Mr. Curtis sailed to Europe to meet Minister Hardy in Paris that Mr. Curtis began to wonder whether Lorimer wasn't an editor. The thought grew upon him, and when he sailed he put Lorimer in full editorial charge of the paper until he could determine whether he could make arrangements with Hardy. 'But by the time I sailed,' said Mr. Curtis, 'I didn't much care

whether I got Hardy or not. I was convinced by this time that Lorimer had all the makings of an editor in him.'

"It turned out that Mr. Curtis and Minister Hardy were not to meet as arranged. The State Department, at Washington, had ordered the Persian minister's transfer to Athens as minister to Greece. Mr. Curtis was perfectly satisfied. He felt he had the man in Lorimer: at all events, he had given Lorimer his chance to see what he could do, and Mr. Curtis determined to wait until his return to Philadelphia to see what the young man had done.

"He found even his brightest expectations not only realized, but exceeded. Lorimer had shown exceedingly high editorial acumen. The Post was beginning to get and print the material which Mr. Curtis wanted to see in it. and he told Lorimer he could consider himself as editor.

"Mr. Curtis now got back of his editor and his pet project. He did not have to secure financial credit for The Saturday Evening Post, as he had for The Ladies' Home Journal, because the latter publication was netting a handsome profit, and on this The Post could be carried.

"But it was a hard and thorny path. No one believed in the outcome of the venture except Mr. Curtis and his editor. Business men shook their heads, advertising men predicted absolute failure: the organ of the publishing trade, Printer's Ink, came out editorially and bewailed the fact that Mr. Curtis had 'established a wonderful property in The Ladies' Home Journal, and now he was blowing in all the profits on an impossible venture.' Journalists assured Mr. Curtis that the day of the weekly was long ago past; that the mental attitude of the public was against it; that he was 'bucking the current of public opinion.' The New York representative of the paper manufacturers assured

him that he would have to give The Post up or it would break his own back and that of the entire establishment.

"Mr. Curtis listened and regretted that nowhere could he get support for his idea, which he felt so convinced was sound.

" 'Did you ever doubt yourself?' a friend asked him.

" 'Not for a single moment: I knew exactly what I was trying to do, or I thought I did,' he answered.

" 'Were you not discouraged by the solid wall of opposition?'

" 'Not discouraged. The constant reiteration of "It can't be done" acted like a red rag to a bull. It made me all the more determined. The opposition stiffened my back-bone. I came back to the spirit of my boyhood days, and said to myself "I'll show them who is right," because I knew all the time that I was thinking right. It was simply that I couldn't get anybody to see it as I saw it, or believe in it.'

"The worst of it was that the public did not see it. A quarter of a million dollars was spent in advertising the periodical, with little result. 'All right,' said Mr. Curtis, 'I'll send another quarter of a million after it to bring it back.'

"Time came when the books showed a loss of eight hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Curtis's perturbed treasurer had gone to great pains to prepare these figures, and showed them to him, hoping that the large total would halt any further expenditure.

" 'Eight hundred thousand dollars' loss thus far, isn't it?' asked Mr. Curtis, looking at the bottom of the statement.

"'That's the tremendous figure,' impressively said the treasurer.

"'Well,' answered Mr. Curtis 'that gives us a margin of two hundred thousand more to make a round million.'

"The treasurer was depressed; in fact, he was almost broken-hearted when on the following day Mr. Curtis began to put out a copy for a two-hundred-thousand-dollar advertising campaign. 'That'll bring it up to the million,' he joyfully announced. 'Then we'll know where we are at!'

"Meanwhile, Lorimer had been working days and evenings helping Mr. Curtis to realize his ambition of the kind of paper he wanted, and was beginning to make so strong a paper that men began to take notice of it and wonder whether there wasn't something in the 'wild idea' after all. Advertisers were chary, but when the circulation reached five hundred thousand copies they thought they would 'try it for an issue or two.'

"With the public attitude changing, Mr. Curtis knew, of course, that he was winning. But he wanted to make it a fact. So to the utter despair of his treasurer, he spent another quarter of a million dollars on the paper. Fortunately, the profits of The Ladies' Home Journal made this possible.

"The ledger now showed a loss of a million and a quarter dollars on the weekly. When would the turning-point be reached? It couldn't be far off, if it was ever to come! Mr. Curtis knew it was in sight, but he wasn't quite prepared for what did come.

"He had now 'fertilized the soil' for five years, and the harvest must soon follow, he argued.

"And then public opinion changed as over-night. Support came with such a rush that the presses could scarcely

keep up with the demand for the paper. The efforts of publisher and editor were to bear fruit. The circulation leaped, and it was not long before the announcement 'With a circulation of one million copies' was blazoned forth from a cover on The Post.

"The first round of the fight had been won! Now agreed publisher and editor to solidify the first million with the second and confuse records and doubters. A succession of the livest editorial features; authoritative business articles; business stories reflective of actual business conditions followed in rapid succession. It began now to be a desire to write for The Post. Unknown authors began to have their first efforts published and their reputations made. It was not long before The Post began to have the first call on all material within its field. Its contents, week by week, were kept fresh and reflective of the moment. The circulation fairly bowled along. The advertising rates could scarcely be increased rapidly enough to keep pace with the circulation. And in an incredibly brief space of time the two million mark was not only reached, but as quickly passed.

"From this point, The Saturday Evening Post has gone on until now it is within clear sight of the two-and-a-half million circulation mark, apparently headed straight for its third million.

"Like its sister, The Ladies' Home Journal, it has become an institution in the life of the United States, regarded by all as the dominant factor in its field.

"And this is the 'singed cat' which the best business minds tried their best to kill in the unsuccessful attempt to discourage Cyrus H. K. Curtis."

The Post is divided into four general headings: Short Stories, Articles, Serials, and Departments. Under the first

heading frequently is found the work of such well known fiction writers as George Pattullo, George Weston, Philip Gibbs, Sam Hellman, Irvin S. Cobb, Helen Topping Miller, Alice Duer Miller, Octavus Roy Cohen, and many others of equal note.

In the section of articles — perhaps the most intrinsically valuable part of the magazine — are found the names of many noted men and women of various and sundry fame, writers of such generally recognized perspicacity and ability as Samuel G. Blythe, Augustus H. Thomas, Kenneth L. Roberts, Emma Calve, Isaac F. Marcosson, Will Irwin, H. H. Kohlsaat, Robert F. Lansing, Garet Garrett, Princess Cantacuzene, Chester S. Lord, H. G. Wells, and numerous others. Samuel G. Blythe usually contributes articles presenting a keen analysis of the national or international affairs. Augustus H. Thomas, the great actor and playwright, and Emma Calve, the well known opera singer, recently published their life histories in The Post. H. H. Kohlsaat, a Chicago editor, conducted serially in the same magazine his memoirs of the Presidents of the United States from McKinley to Harding, a work which has just come out in book form by the Scribners.

Robert F. Lansing a year or two ago published his exposure of the Paris Peace Conference, in which he told some startling truths about the inside workings of that parley. Princess Cantacuzene, a writer of keen intellect, is also reviewing world conditions, more particularly conditions in Asia and Europe. A year or so ago, H. G. Wells, the noted English writer and author of the Outline of History permitted his "Salvaging of Civilization" to be published in The Post. Chester S. Lord, generally recognized as the dean of American journalism and for so many years

editor of The New York Sun, was the author of a series of articles on journalistic topics appearing in The Post and now combined into a volume "The Young Man in Journalism" just placed on the market by the Macmillan Company.

The names of Henry Rowland, Corra Harris, Irvin S. Cobb, Edith Wharton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, George Pattullo, and Alice Duer Miller frequently appear under the titles of the Post's serials. The writers represent the cream of the fiction producers in the country and every brain-child of theirs possesses true merit and charm.

Under the heading of departments are the following: Editorials, Short Turns and Encores, and The Poet's Corner. The editorials appearing in The Post are valuable because they give a full and forceful statement of current events along with succinct editorial opinions on their relative good or harm. Short Turns and Encores, a relatively new addition, is devoted to short jokes, sketches, humorous cartoons and poetry of light vein. The Poet's Corner publishes poems by contemporaries. Through its columns aspiring writers are rapidly stepping into the literary limelight.

Viewing it as a whole, The Post is one of the most valuable magazines on the market today. It combines excellent literature with reputable and dependable advertisements, and thus serves its double purpose. The Post goes into homes where it and the daily newspaper constitute the entire library. In this, and in many other ways, it is one of the most powerful factors today contributing to good American citizenship, higher morals and ideals, and elevation of the mind.

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

Of all the beautifully colored and illustrated magazines, Country Life in America easily holds a supreme position. Because of the genuine satisfaction that comes to the individual perusing the pages of this magazine and the pleasure attached thereto, it must certainly be an entertaining periodical.

The magazine is a monthly periodical published by Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, Long Island. Reginald T. Townsend is its editor, while various members of the publishing firm make up its business staff. Its price is fifty cents per copy.

Country Life in America is a somewhat difficult magazine to classify. While it is both informative and entertaining, probably more informative than otherwise, it cannot be compared with The Literary Digest or the World's Work or with any publication of the type to which they belong. Nor can it be likened to Harper's or The Saturday Evening Post. Again, it is not a class or professional organ in the strict sense, for its subscribers belong to all professions and are taken from the several classes which form the upper strata of society. Probably a list of its contents, taken by chance from some number, will indicate better than words its purpose and scope. The following articles are found in an issue that is altogether representative:

Of What Shall I Build My House — Chesley Bonestell; My Friend The Humming Bird — P. A. Smoll; Can Women Compete With Men In Sport? — William Tilden, 2d; The Perfect Guest Room — Florence Van Wyck; The Sources of Picturesque Rivers, a Series — Reginald T. Townsend; Evolution of The American Country Home — Harold D.

Eberlein; The Finer Points of Fancy Diving — Ernesta Hotchkiss; Three Years Before You Build — Gerald L. Kaufman; The Hardest Type of Golfer To Beat — Jesse P. Guilford; Cutting the Cost of Motorboating — Roger B. Whitman; The Fireplace and Its Frame — Gurdon S. Parker; Hang The Curtains — Sydney de Brie; Clothes for The Country — Judith Smith. All of these articles were profusely illustrated by the use of numerous photographs and plates.

In addition to the above, there were the following features consisting almost wholly of reproductions of photographs and painting:

Some Recent Sculpture by Lynn Jenkins; Correct Furniture for The Correct Home; The Glory of The Sand Dunes; New Houses of Old Flavor; Landscape Details Arranged by Alfred Geiffert, Jr.; Taking the Doubt Out of Touring; Youth and The Wind and The Waves; and Commuting by Motor Yacht. There were, also, a cover design by a noted artist and these regular features: From a Country Window (a group of editorials); and News of The Breeds and The Breeders.

After analyzing the above list, one might at least say that the name Country Life in America is slightly misleading. Undoubtedly the publication does present a certain type of American country life. It deals with a life led by those to whom the country means only an easy retreat from town, to whom money means nothing because that is the one thing with which they are burdened. But as for that type of country life led by the dirt farmer — and it is by far the biggest and most important — that is something out of its sphere.

Country Life in America divides its space almost equally between articles and advertising. Throughout, it represents possibly the highest workmanship of the publisher's art. For the leisure class, it has a real value, and has had since it was founded in 1905.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Of all the types of reading, it is safe to say that there is none that has a wider appeal or is a source of more delight than that which pictures the life of those who are great, unique, or who have done the unusual or remarkable. It has always been a known fact that biographies are widely read; but when biographies are "dressed up" in the form of interesting, inspirational feature stories, how much greater the appealing force! It is entirely probable that no one editor has done more to inspire young Americans to higher standards of both living and success than has John M. Siddall, until recently editor of The American Magazine. This periodical was founded in 1909 and like other of the foremost publications of this country, it has pushed steadily forward until it today has a circulation in excess of two million.

In each issue of this periodical, certain characteristic features are carried, features which, though paralleled in other magazines, serve particularly to typify The American Magazine and to distinguish it in purpose from other entertaining publications. These features are: "Sid Says:—," "Interesting People," "The Family's Money," "Portraits of Well-Known or Famous Men," and a prize contest in which writers compete for prizes with essays on such subjects as "My Greatest Fear," "The Nearest I Ever Came to Death," etc. These features need no particular discussion,

since their content is fairly obvious from the titles. For instance, under the head of "Interesting People" appear each month articles of a biographical nature which recount the difficulties met and overcome by persons previously handicapped by physical or other disabilities. "Sid Says:—" is the caption of an editorial which is designed to promote in the reader a practical, optimistic attitude towards life. The prize contest brings out the unusual, the peculiar, and, above all, the interesting things and events in the lives of men and women.

Many of the most prominent contemporary writers, as has been true since its founding, contribute regularly to The American Magazine. Indeed, it is very likely that every writer whose name is today before the public eye has at some time or other contributed either articles or stories to this publication. For in addition to articles of the nature indicated above, it presents in each issue one or more short stories from the pens of artists in that field, as well as novels in serial form. Some of those writers whose names were gleaned casually from a late issue of the magazine are: Nina Wilcox Putnam, Ring W. Lardner, Nelia Gardner White, Keene Sumner, George Ade, Frank Richardson Pierce, Allan Harding, Dr. Frank Crane, Mary B. Mullet, B. C. Forbes, Sophie Kerr, William W. Loomis, Olive Higgins Prouty, Myra Sawbill, James H. Collins, Ellis Parker Butler, Isaac F. Marcosson, H. G. Wells, Bruce Barton, Edgar Guest, Holworthy Hall, Hugh S. Fullerton, Stuart McKenzie, and Merle Crowell.

Because of the wide circulation of this periodical and the character of the subject matter, space in The American Magazine is eagerly sought by advertisers whose businesses are on a national scale and who through this medium find

it necessary to gain the eyes and ears of the people. Hence, it is not remarkable that the amount of advertising in The American almost equally balances that of written matter; nor is it strange that many whole pages are devoted solely to advertisements, chatting counselings of undeniable veracity and wisdom from those who have to sell to those who have to buy. That these may be certain to exert their fullest possible appeal, however, the managers of the magazine are careful so to interlard the written among the advertising matter that the eye of the reader travels pleasantly along page after page, pausing here to view with delight the pictorial representation of a famous pancake flour and there to contemplate with glee the artist's conception of the charms which certainly elevate the "Huppman 8" far above the level of other cars supposedly of its class.

Although The American Magazine is grouped among those of an entertaining nature, it might well be termed a periodical of a highly informative nature. For though the magazine is undoubtedly entertaining, the instructive value, it would seem, is at least equally as great. An explanation of this fact is not so hard to find. If not avowedly, at least tacitly, The American Magazine is the journal of successful people. Many of its articles, contributed by persons who have themselves achieved some measure of success, and in numerous instances a great measure, being biographical in nature are calculated to inspire the reader with a desire for similar achievement. The intimacy of the articles, the personal touch, the laying bare of the lives of those whom one has long admired and their own statements of "how it was done," lead one to believe that people, after all, are much alike; that no birthright of genius forever separates the sheep of the famous from the goats of the commonplace. All these things instill confidence in the reader. Often they

add to his self-respect, and frequently they show just how the difficulty, hitherto insurmountable, may be overcome—the gate to Success unlocked. Without doubt, these results are instructive in nature.

Moreover, The American Magazine is highly instructive in another way, possibly unintentionally and certainly to a smaller clientele. To the student of human nature, a wealth of informative material is unfolded between the covers of this periodical, material which permits him to view broadly and in detail the panorama of contemporary life and to form valid opinions as to the directions of those currents which sweep across the scene. Gazing here into the soul of him who, despite handicaps, whipped failure; there, following the upward struggles of some personage who has surmounted the insurmountable and arrived upon the shining pinnacle of glory, he trudges hand-in-hand with the great and near-great and by that intimate contact comes to know, almost as well as if he, himself, had experienced them, the failures and the successes, the calamities and the triumphs, that may befall a man. This knowledge, it is needless to say, is decidedly instructive as well as entertaining.

But, nevertheless, The American Magazine belongs to the class of entertaining magazines, no matter if the informative content compares favorably with that of publications whose appeal is not to the emotions but rather to the intellect. A magazine that boasts the delightful stories of Clarence Budington Kelland, and Nina Wilcox Putnam, the charming essays of Lardner and Ade, the masterful articles of Barton, Marcosson, and Frank Crane, cannot be other than entertaining, whether or not it be the source of such extraneous informative material.

Mr. Siddall, the editor, died Monday, July 16, 1923; and in connection with his death there is a most beautiful story told,

a story which most vividly pictures the man and clearly exhibits the reason why The American Magazine made the remarkable success it did under his management. The story is told by one who was associated with Mr. Siddall.

"We wish now that someone could have followed him around, as Boswell followed Dr. Johnson, writing down the things he said. It was rare fun to listen to him. His brows would pucker, his eyes would sparkle behind those round, steel-rimmed spectacles, and all of a sudden his mind would erupt like a volcano, bombarding you with chunks of common sense that sizzled and glowed in the hot fire of his picturesque vocabulary.

" 'What is your editorial policy?' a friend once asked him.

" 'Victory!' he exclaimed. 'Victory for the individual over the odds that beset him. There are all kinds of odds—sickness, lack of education, or opportunity, or money; unfortunate environment, bad habits, absurd weaknesses, every sort of mental, physical and spiritual barrier. . . . What we do in this magazine is to stand at the hard places in the road and cry, "You can come through. You can win." '

"Another day he remarked:

" 'The trouble with most men is that they are afraid of the facts.'

"No one who knew him could have ever said this about John Siddall. With rare courage, with clear insight, he faced every fact, or every set of facts that life laid before him. Even when he was confronted by the great ultimate fact of *death*, he never flinched or faltered.

"On April 17th, 1923, he received the final verdict that he had only a few more months to live.

"From the physician's office he went home and told the truth to his wife—the only person to whom he did tell it.

" 'Now,' he said calmly, 'you and I will face this together; and we will begin today to set everything in order. It's all right,' he added. 'Life has dealt me some mighty good hands and I have had fun and satisfaction in playing them the best I knew how. Now that this has been dealt to me, I'm not going to whimper.'

"That very evening he spent two hours of complete concentration on editorial duties. The next day, when he came home from the office, he added with satisfaction: 'I've put in the best day's work I've done in a month! All I ask now is to die in harness.' And that literally is what he did.

"Several years ago, a friend said to him: 'Sid, how long do you intend to keep on editing in big type The American Magazine?'

"He looked up with a quizzical expression which was so characteristic of him.

" 'Well,' he said, 'I'd like to keep on editing it up to a Wednesday night. Then I'd like to die on a Thursday and be buried on Friday, so that my friends wouldn't have to miss their Saturday afternoon golf game.'

"It wasn't more than a jest. It revealed the man. He hated to fuss about himself, and he didn't want to have anybody else fuss about him. He cared nothing for foolish conventions.

" 'When I am dead,' he once said, 'I want you to carve on my tombstone this line: "Here lies a man who lived a number of years and found out one thing—*that there is no substitute for work.*" '

"So, without a hint to anyone that his time was measured, he put every ounce of strength into his own work. He not only had preached to others, but he himself believed, that no human being is indispensable to the success of an enterprise. He be-

lieved that there must be one *head* in any undertaking. He was that head in his own organization. But he had gathered around him his staff of co-workers who were not only in sympathy with his policies but shared his confidence and his responsibilities. He put everything possible on their shoulders, watching their work with his keen, kind eyes, and never withholding his appreciation.

"'That's fine!' were the words spoken oftener than any others in the office where he sat for eight years.

"Men talked about the 'secret' of the American Magazine. The only secret was that John Siddall loved people and knew what interested them. Somehow through the white papers and the black ink of these pages, people felt the pressure of his hand, and the cheer of his voice, and responded.

"He did his work at night. Daytimes his door stood opened, and he sat and listened to everyone that came. Men and women were his material, his profession, his life. Whoever had an idea, a question, a hope, or a need, were welcome in his office, for the magazine he was making demanded living stuff.

"One night a great captain of industry invited him to dinner. 'I have a problem,' said he. 'Shall we make such and such a statement? From your experience with public opinion, what do you think would be the reaction?'

"John Siddall never hesitated.

"'If you believe it *say it!*' he exclaimed. 'If you don't believe it, don't "kid" yourself. People have a sixth sense for detecting hypocrisy. You don't fool them. Don't try.'

"That was his creed. What 'Sid' *was* and what 'Sid' *said* were one and the same thing. You who read him knew him. He was just what you have pictured—enormously interested and interesting, truthful with a frankness that flashed like fire

in the night, gifted with an immense capacity for looking at all the world—even himself—from your point of view.

"That was the idea on which he built up his achievements. The idea lives. And John Siddall lives! Only the doubters, the dissenters, the failures die. The victors live. They live in their friends, in the ideas they have established, in the influences they have built. And so Sid lives in his victory, which is this magazine; in those whom he trained, and in *you,* to whom he told the truth."

Following the death of Mr. Siddall, Merle Crowell was named editor of The American Magazine with Mary B. Mullet managing editor.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

The Cosmopolitan Magazine could not have a more appropriate name—world-wide, because it is certainly universally read. Published monthly by the International Magazine Company in New York City, it is one of several magazines owned by William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst is the president of the Cosmopolitan Company and it is largely due to his very active, vital, and modern leadership that the magazine is like all other publications under his directorship—a truly American production for the great mass of the American people.

The Cosmopolitan may rightly be called a popular magazine. Its appeal is primarily to the classes. Its literature is the type of fiction known as sensational and thus satisfies the American's cravings. Being sensational does not mean that it is not of the highest type of fiction. Contributors are all writers of recognized reputation—one has but to look at the list of one month's contributors where such names appear as Meredith Nicholson, Irvin S. Cobb, Albert Payson Terhune, Kathleen Norris, Peter B. Kyne, O. O. McIntyre, John T.

McCutcheon, Gouverneur Morris, Elinor Glyn, Arthur Train, Louis Joseph Vance, Berton Braley, Arthur Somers Roche, and Montague Glass—all persons recognized as having reached a high-water mark of perfection in their own style of writing.

Taking a year's volume, other contributors were Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Owen Johnson, Booth Tarkington, Robert W. Chambers, Herbert Kaufman, Samuel Merwin, Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman in collaboration, Justus Miles Forman, Arthur B. Reeves, Jack London, Amelie Rives, John Temple Graves, George Randolph Chester, Maurice Maeterlinck, Gerald Stanley Lee, Cynthia Stockley, John Galsworthy, Charles G. D. Rogers, and George Ade.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine has been the medium through which many of the most prominent fiction writers of the age have reached the public—the medium through which a great number have first made their debut to American readers. Its wonderfully beautiful and vividly drawn illustrations are by the best and most noted artists, including Howard Chandler Christy, Worth Brehm, Frank Craig, Gordon Ross, Pruett Carter, J. W. McGurck, Stockton Mulford, A. W. Henkel, Dean Cornwell, Charles D. Mitchell, George Gibbs, Will Foster, John Alonzo Williams, John T. McCutcheon (who is an author as well), T. D. Skidmore, Albert Levering, James Montgomery Flagg, Wallace Morgan, and others.

The Cosmopolitan has a special form make-up that it follows each month and it seldom, if ever, varies. Catching the eye with its cover painting by Harrison Fischer, the magazine then holds the interest from the first pages of advertising to the last on the back. After the first few pages of advertising, devoted almost exclusively to schools and colleges, the magazine begins with a humorous editorial by George Ade, then an illustrated poem by Edgar A. Guest, an interesting series of

which were the "Songs of the Cities," poems describing the forces that brought about the development of the large cities in the United States. This is followed by the photo of a writer who is beginning a serial or whose story is being featured. Usually it is the serial that is just beginning in that issue that opens the fiction department of the magazine. In 1922, The Cosmopolitan ran such serials as Broken Barriers by Meredith Nicholson and The Breath of Scandal by Edwin Balmer.

An article of timely interest is sandwiched between two of the stories in the first part of the magazine. Recently several short stories by Rita Weiman were published; likewise Arnold Bennett, Frederick Arnold Kummer, and Royal Brown wrote short stories of various types. A series of short stories about the "Country Beyond" were run by James Oliver Curwood. Another so-called department is that containing a photographic review of the latest and most popular plays of the year. These are photographs of the stars of the casts with captions announcing the names of the plays and a few descriptive words about the players.

An article by a noted scientist or psychologist composes the next department. This was supplanted by Elinor Glyn's writings for a time. Until the time of her death Lillian Russell, the great actress, contributed to Cosmopolitan, a delightful autobiography of her life and wonderful theatrical career. Another department is "Stories That Have Made Me Laugh" by Montague Glass, the famous humorist. The year 1923 has brought to the Cosmopolitan many new writers of distinction and its newest serials are The Desert Healer by Edith Maude Hull; His Children's Children by Arthur Train; Cynthia Stockley's Ponjola; and a series of short stories by Kathleen Norris. Ring Lardner and H. C. Witwer furnish laughs

in their amusing short stories, and poems by Berton Braley add, also, to the issues for the present year.

From the standpoint of its popularity with the public, the quality of its contents, and the beauty of its artistic work, The Cosmopolitan is a leader in the field of popular entertaining magazines.

LIFE

As one great writer has said: "Laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species." It is laughter which frequently breaks the gloom that is apt to depress our mind and damp our spirits with transient unexpected gleams of joy. And so to put a little more laughter, a little more pleasure into this world, Life, that gay weekly magazine of fun with its many pages of brilliant humor, was founded. As there is nothing more entertaining to read than articles of genuine humor bubbling over with a hearty laugh in every line, the author cannot help but place it among the great in the long list of entertaining periodicals. Life is published by the Life Publishing Company, New York, every Thursday. It was founded by John Ames Mitchell in 1883 and he was its principal owner and editor until the time of his death in 1918. Associated with him in the beginning was Edward S. Martin who was its first editor (Mitchell being art editor) and is today its chief editorial writer.

From the very first, Life filled a large gap in the magazine field. There were no periodicals appealing to the spirit of gaiety, satire, and humor, and Life from its initial number made a pleasing appeal to the public by its very appearance and attitude; and the way it has maintained that popularity up to the present time may be ascertained in the fact that it has a weekly circulation of over 238,000.[1]

[1] 1923

At the death of Mitchell, Charles Dana Gibson obtained controlling interest in the Life Company and immediately took active charge as its editor. He had been a contributor to the magazine since 1886 and one of its most brilliant and illustrious ones. His black and white work is characterized by bold and effective lines and skillful use of the white background. It can be safely said that it is due mainly to his work that Life almost dominates the black and white pictorial art in America. His drawings depict American society types which have become associated with his name, especially the American girl—the Gibson Girl is known in every town and hamlet. A writer recently said: "Fifth Avenue today is like an endless procession of Gibsons. Whether Gibson is responsible for this, or rather Fifth Avenue is responsible for the Gibson, I do not know."

A short time ago Gibson resigned as editor (still retaining the presidency of the Life Company) and Louis Evan Shipman was selected his successor and is Life's present editor. Mr. Shipman is quite capable of all the responsibilities that naturally fall upon the shoulders of an editor of a magazine which has attained national prominence and recognition. He is an author and playwright of no mean ability. He has collaborated with Winston Churchill and Frederick Remington in the writing of several plays and his "The Fountain of Youth" opened the Henry Miller Theatre in New York City in 1918.

The idea in the minds of many that Life is wholly humorous is a most mistaken one. Quite to the contrary; in fact Life is a weekly magazine containing some of the best thought and work of a number of great American writers on the theatre, literature, and various humorous aspects of human affairs. And it is keen and brilliant in its way of talking about these things through its editorials, articles, and reviews. The edi-

torials of Edward Sandford Martin, its chief editorial writer, are worthy of the pages of any of our periodicals and cannot help but be a vast influence upon the minds of its readers. They are scintillating, sapient, and pleasant to read.

In every issue of Life there is a section called "Drama." This, with another known as "The Silent Drama" and still another, "The Latest Books," makes the magazine an intrinsically valuable one to the reader. Robert C. Benchley, Life's dramatic critic, is quite a noted one; and his unbiased criticisms of the current plays, usually one in each number, are well worth reading and well worth heeding. Connected with this department and appearing about every other week is a section called "Confidential Guide" which is a one line criticism—praiseworthy or otherwise—of the various attractions at the New York theatres and is very valuable to one who contemplates attending a performance as it unquestionably aids him in his choice. Another critic of great ability is Robert E. Sherwood, Life's cinematographic expert. In the section devoted to The Silent Drama, he plays a conspicuous part in reviewing the latest screen productions. His reviews and criticisms are considered among the most reliable and fair of any. It is with pride that a producer or press agent in advertising a motion picture will give a prominent display, if laudatory, to the review of his film taken from Life.

There are several writers who contribute to that department known as The Latest Books, writers who by their thorough and delightful reviews and criticisms prove themselves capable critics of the latest in fiction and non-fiction. Contributing to this department, though not in every issue, is a rhymed review by Arthur Guiterman of some new book, charmingly written and certainly interesting—an innovation in the art of book reviewing. About once a month Dorothy Parker writes

a rhymed review of some author's new work under the title of "Figures in Popular Literature." It is a synopsis of the story cleverly and humorously written, but in no way attempts to criticize.

One page in Life is especially worthy of mention and likewise worthy of praise. That page is entitled "Life Lines" which unquestionably consists of some of the highest paragraphic humor that is to be found in any periodical—newspaper or magazine. There is real and true wit in many of these short paragraphs and every line contains a smile, often a hearty laugh and frequently, if one would read between the lines, his laughter would be still merrier.

Life's exchange department, under the head of "Aut Scissors Aut Nullus" and "Our Foolish Contemporaries," will equal any found on the printed page. In these columns will be found the best wit and humor of America and England taken from a heterogeneous collection of publications. In the Aut Scissors Aut Nullus columns frequently will be found jokes taken from college publications—which in reality is the wit of America. Among those quoted are: The Penn State Froth, Harvard Lampoon, Columbia Jester, Georgia Cracker, Williams Purple Cow, Yale Record, Carolina Boll Weevil, Pennsylvania Punch Bowl, and various others. Among other periodicals quoted are: Punch, Tattler (London), Harper's, Boston Transcript, Washington Sun-Dodger, American Legion Weekly, Washington Star, Louisville Courier-Journal, Tit-Bits, Detroit News, Toledo Blade, Kansas City Star, Outlook, Honolulu Star-Bulletin, New York Sun, London Daily News, Town Topics, Florida Times-Union, New York World, and many others.

"Sanctum Talk" written by Thomas L. Masson is another feature in Life that appears often. In it Mr. Masson assuming the character of Life has interviews, imaginative though en-

tertaining, with celebrated personages real and imaginary. The imaginary characters are Santa Claus, the New Year, etc. This feature is most interesting to read and the reader derives much enjoyment from it. Mr. Masson is managing editor of Life.

If Life plays an important part in aiding America to laugh and learn through its reading columns, it does equally so through the dozens of clever drawings that appear in each issue. Great credit is due to F. DeSales Casey, the art editor, who guides and mitigates the steady flow of illustrations that must flow through his office. Some of the illustrations that do appear on the pages of the magazine are strong editorials in picture form; especially of note and praise are the double paged drawings of Charles Dana Gibson. There are clever cartoons and fine caricatures of men and events. There is a particularly laughable and interesting series of drawings entitled "Intimate Glimpses of American Generals of Industry" by Ellison Hoover which is a delightful burlesque of our prominent industrial leaders. There are always the pleasing drawings of James Montgomery Flagg, usually an illustration of a clever joke. There are also numerous others of almost equal calibre.

The list of contributors who help make Life the delightfully entertaining magazine which it is, is a veritable Who's Who of the humorists and illustrators of this country. Indeed a notable and representative list of the laugh producers of this continent. The following is a part of the more famous ones: James Montgomery Flagg, Carolyn Wells, Dorothy Parker, Don Herold, Ralph Barton, John Held Jr., Nate Salisbury, Wallace Irwin, Arthur Guiterman, Berton Braley, Montague Glass, Oliver Herford, Stoddard King, Rea Erwin, Ellison Hoover, Raymond Williams, Robert C. Benchley, Gluyas Williams, Henry W. Hannemann, T. F. Mitchell, and others of like fame and popularity.

In presenting only the contributors' initials at the end of each article, Life has acquired an individuality peculiar to itself alone. Whether admirable or not, it is hard to say and many could question this unique editorial policy. Assuredly on the part of the contributors themselves, it is a display of true loyalty to the magazine.

Taking Life as a whole, from its minute joke to its compelling editorial or master drawing, it is entirely American in its attitude and viewpoint. It has little to do with the past, but, nevertheless, has a literary background. It is of today and of tomorrow. It is the great anti-gloom leader; an exponent of cheer and laughter; a cause of helping one acquire that valuable habit of seeing the amusing side of things. As we have often heard said that laughs and smiles aid greatly in prolonging our existence—if this be true, Life plays a large part in promoting longevity.

Every laugh in Life has a purpose behind it and when the reader's face becomes radiant and beaming with smiles and he hears himself softly chuckle, he can readily be assured that these laughs are not "meaningless and derisive" as one writer has charged against American society. No, far from that; for they are merry jests aimed at folly, sharp jests aimed at wrong. These two vital weapons fired at two of the cardinal sins are Life's contributions to the art of living.

VANITY FAIR

"Vanitas, vanitum, all is vanity." This is what one might be inclined to remark on first glancing at this so apparently aptly named magazine, but examining it a little closer it will be seen that this is not the case. Drama, literature, art, music, poetry, out-door sports—all is not vanity. There is much of froth and light sparkle, satire, wit and humor, also fashions and

frivolities of the hour—the very latest, up-to-date *dernier cri* in everything is here. One seems to want some graceful French term to express in a measure what an artistic production like Vanity Fair means—*piquant, recherche* or some such term instead of anything one could say in good old solid Anglo-Saxon. It is distinctive and in a class all its own.

Vanity Fair has for its editor one of the most distinguished publishers and editors in the literary world. He is Frank Crowninshield who at various times was publisher of The Bookman, and The Metropolitan Magazine, editor of Munsey's, art critic of The Century, literary agent in London and also editor of the Patrician, London; has written on art, manners, bridge, and numerous satirical and other subjects in many magazines. He was born in Paris and educated there and in New York. His father was an artist so he has every right and advantage to make himself a man highly fitted to conduct the tone and life of a publication given over to what is aesthetic and high class in the world of culture.

Another man of distinction on the staff of this magazine is Condé Nast, its publisher. Born in New York and having the Bachelor of Laws degree, this gentleman is also publisher of Vogue, House and Garden, and Le Costume Royal. Mr. Nast was advertising and business manager of Collier's for a long time. Joseph Hergesheimer of literary fame and lately of Cytherea and Java Head and a critic of renown; Heywood Broun, well-known dramatic critic and contributor to the New York World "It Seems to Me," book reviews; Hendrik Van Loon, eminent historian; Hugh Walpole; St. John Ervine, Djuna Barnes; W. L. George; John Beale Bishop; Simeon Strunsky, and many more well-known and distinguished names are scattered thick through the pages of this publication. Hey-

wood Cambell is art director, Phillipe Ortiz, European director, and Kenneth McGowan, theatrical critic.

Vanity Fair is a decidedly cultural magazine. It is very refined and perhaps more a magazine for the rich and exotic than for ordinary every day people who think only along bread and meat lines. It is divided into several departments under the heads of: In and About the Theatre, in which numerous photographs of people well known in the theatrical world, critiques of plays, and other things relating to the opera and drama; The World of Art, dealing with art and sculpture, painting, etc; Poetry, containing several poems of unusual quality; Literary Hors d'Oeuvres, a most delightful department containing bright bits of literature, satire, and humor; Satirical Sketches, sketches in pen and ink mostly of the futuristic style with bits of witty explanations; and The World Outdoors, dealing with sports and miscellaneous. In addition to these it has sections devoted to finances, fashions for men, hall of fame, popular song writers, and other bits of light things.

Even the advertisements are of the expensive things such as Rolls-Royce and Packard automobiles, trips to the Orient, Louis Sherry announcing that he "will cater for weddings or any other functions and relieve the burden on the shoulders of the hostess," Gorham's silver, and fine places in the Berkshires to spend the summer. A shoppers' guide is included and in a nicely classified list one is told where to get Batik, Auction Bridge and Mah Jong things, Flesh Reducers, Dancing, Delicacies, and diamonds.

It is a source of genuine delight to glance through and read the pages of such a magazine as Vanity Fair, a periodical which makes a great contribution to high class entertaining periodicals.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Having its beginning in the early part of the nineteenth century, Harper's Magazine was really more English than American and became Americanized about the middle of the century. Always an extremely conservative publication, slow to take up any innovations, it seems strange that it should be one of those to give numerous young authors a start in the literary world. Its editors seem to have always possessed a *flair* for the recognition of genius.

Many of our well known and popular writers' names first appeared on the pages of Harper's. Some of them are: Richard Washburn Child, Dorothy Canfield, Alice Brown, Sarah Orne Jewett, Howard Pyle, Owen Wister, Richard Harding Davis, Ruth McEnery Stewart, Mary E. Wilkins, Margaret Deland, George DuMaurier, James Lane Allen, Margaret Cameron, Howard Brubaker, Mark Twain, and many others. Among the non-fiction writers such names appear as Richard Le Gallienne, Roscoe Thayer, Ellsworth Huntington, Henry Seidel Canby, Wilbur Daniel Steel, Winfield M. Thomas, David Jayne Hill, Hilaire Belloc, Jagadis Chunder Bose, Dorothy Amaury Talbot, Mary L. Jobe, Arthur Symons, David Graham Phillips, John R. Spears, and a host of others.

While the matter in this magazine is about equally divided between fiction and non-fiction, the latter is all presented in such an attractive manner that while it is instructive it is primarily enertaining.

Harper's is published by Harper and Brothers in Camden, N. J. Its editorial and advertising offices are still on Franklin Square, New York.

The staff of the company consists of Clinton T. Brainard, president and treasurer; Henry Hoyns, vice-president; Thomas

B. Wells, vice-president and secretary. Among its great editors have been Charles Dudley Warner, Henry Mills Alden, Charles Nordhoff, and William Dean Howells.

Special departments of the magazine are, Editor's Easy Chair, conducted at present by Edward S. Martin, and being editorial comment of a philosophical nature on big questions of the day; Editor's Drawer, composed of extremely light humorous stories and anecdotes—usually one story and a number of anecdotes; Personal and Otherwise, taking the place of Editor's Study which for years was conducted by William Dean Howells composed of short biographical sketches of contributors and letters from readers in regard to articles and stories appearing on its pages; and Business and Financial Conditions, conducted by Grant Dater.

Harper's is famous for its short stories and especially the unusual character of its short stories. While many magazines have a more or less stereotyped kind of short story, this magazine has a selection always new, interesting and fresh.

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And with the completion of the reviews of these entertaining periodicals which stand out and above the rank and file of other entertaining magazines, it is again demonstrated, as it was in the case of the informative periodicals, that the magazine has attained for itself perpetual and eternal recognition as an institution. In an age when every form of entertainment is being attacked either by this group, that religion, or this body of "improvists," it is at least satisfying to know that there is one form of entertainment that is more or less immune from the dagger of those who would find some fault and some flaw in everything.

While not informative in the sense of the informative magazine as taken up in a preceding chapter, there can be no doubt

about the human mind and soul being made a little better and a little happier through wholesome reading of the nature that is contained in periodicals like The Saturday Evening Post, Life, and others mentioned. So long as there are informative magazines instructing human beings, and entertaining magazines furnishing genuine delightfulness and wholesome entertainment, the position of the magazine as an institution is secure

CHAPTER V

Specialized Magazines and Trade Journals

IN THE strictest sense of the division, specialized magazines and trade journals belong to the informative group of magazines, as was intimated in a foregoing chapter devoted to that great division of the magazine; but because there are so many specialized magazines and trade journals and because of their importance in the magazine and journalistic fields, it is thought wise to consider them in a separate chapter.

Naturally the principal function of the specialized magazine and trade journal is the advancement of the field to which the publication belongs. This includes the dissemination of news in the field to the members of the field; the keeping together of various professions, callings, occupations, associations, clubs, etc.; and progress and expansion in each of these many fields.

The general newspaper and magazine on one hand, and the trade journals and specialized magazines on the other, differ greatly in that the former appeal to the whole public, whereas the latter cater to a smaller class of professional, commercial, technical, or scientific readers, giving them only such knowledge as pertains to their special field.

The organs, of which every great trade or profession in the country has its own, bring to the attention of those interested any invention, movement, report, discovery or tendency of interest to their constituents.

Trade journals and specialized magazines are quite important to the fields which they promote. A few are published daily, some weekly, some semi-monthly, but the majority of them are published monthly. Some trade journals and specialized magazines have enjoyed remarkable and continued success and have financially prospered, but the history of journalism is strewn with wrecks of others whose existence was of such short duration that they did not pay for the original investment.

In order to be successful, only the ablest experts in each line should contribute to this class of periodicals for the reader is usually an expert on the topic treated and any inaccuracy of statement or error of judgment will not only be noticed but remembered, thereby lowering the prestige of the publication.

The editorial staffs of all successful trade journals and specialized magazines consist of large corps of trained and skillful people capable of ascertaining tendencies of the market before they have become apparent to the general public; and also informed on questions especially peculiar to the magazine in question. By this and other means a reputation is established and the trade journal becomes a power and an authority in its field.

As an advertising medium, specialized magazines and trade journals occupy an important place because the judicious advertiser seeks the publication which is read by the class to which his commodity will appeal. The vast number of advertisements which this type of magazine publishes each issue — often being as high as 75% — and the prices which they receive per line for such advertisements are astounding, especially when the small degree of competition

which exists is considered; but advertisers have found that it pays to use these media.

The American Railroad Journal of New York, first published in 1830, was one of the first papers which met the desires of the one particular class of merchants. This was a pioneer of the special commercial journals and it was for several years the only one of its kind. In 1845 the next successful trade journal which still exists was founded. It was The Drygoods Economist, but though it was initiated in the largest trade, it experienced much difficulty in attracting attention.

Some journals in the hardware and leather trades, among them The Shoe and Leather Reporter and The Iron Age, experienced difficulties in getting started. It is quite difficult to initiate a new trade journal today. The Engineering journals are all backed up by National Societies as The American Society of Civil Engineers and others.

Scientific periodicals appeared even in advance of trade journals. The American Journal of Science was founded at New Haven, Conn., in 1818 and the Journal of Franklin Institute at Philadelphia in 1825. The Scientific American appeared in 1845.

A careful review of a number of trade journals and specialized magazines shows that on the whole they are well edited and typographically exceptionally good. In physical appearance they are attractive and well arranged. The majority consist of several departments, each of which is edited by an expert in his line. On the whole the editorials are a true mirror of the field.

It is interesting to note that McGraw Hill and Company publish fifteen trade journals dealing largely with mechanical power of different kinds. A lot of their ma-

terial is often rewritten from one magazine to another. This is perfectly legitimate. A long notice about some prominent electrical engineer published in The Electrical World is cut down to a ten line notice in The Coal Age.

The Electrical World carries the week's news and review of business conditions, construction news, electrical patents, and has a digest of the world's electrical literature. W. H. Onken Jr. and Harold V. Bozell are its chief editors. One peculiar feature of the Electrical World is that it has a Western editor, a New England editor, a Pacific Coast editor, etc., each of whom lives within his territory. It has eleven editors besides assistant and contributing editor.

The individual merits of trade journals and specialized magazines will not be touched upon just here, but suffice to say they require better trained, more skillful, and better paid men than the daily newspaper. They must have cuts and drawings designed by special draftsmen, and must use the nomenclature of the trade or profession which they represent. Besides this they must be provided with accurate articles written by skillful writers.

So much for general statements applicable to practically all trade journals and specialized magazines; now a few of the more conspicuous periodicals in each field will be treated in order that yet further light may be thrown on the subject. And as was the case in the treatment of the informative and entertaining magazines, the list of those discussed will by no means be exhaustive. The purpose is to take up an adequate number of periodicals, each field being represented, and with that successfully done, the reader should obtain a good knowledge of specialized magazines and trade journals.

THE MANUFACTURER'S RECORD

The Manufacturer's Record is a weekly trade journal, published in Baltimore, Maryland. It is, to use its own words, "devoted to the upbuilding of the nation through the development of the South and Southwest as the nation's greatest material asset." Richard H. Edmonds is its president and editor, and Frank Gould first vice-president.

Richard H. Edmonds was born at Norfolk, Va. in 1857, the son of a Baptist clergyman. He attended the Baltimore public schools, and later entered the employ of the Journal of Commerce of that city, being a member of its editorial staff from 1878 to 1882, and rising to the position of associate editor. In 1881 Edmonds married Miss Addis L. Field of Baltimore, and a year later became one of the founders of the Manufacturer's Record, of which he was president and general-manager. He is the author of a number of books on preparedness and America's duty in the World War.

The Manufacturer's Record prefers a simple appearance to a high color scheme and much ostentation. No color is used in any part of the magazine, the advertisements and photographs being in black and white. The cover page contains only the name of the Record above an American Eagle, and below a short editorial in large, black type. The average copy contains about 180 pages, one hundred in advertisements, seventy in editorials, articles, and various departments, and a ten page classified reference index for buyers. The advertisements are full or half page, and smaller sizes, in black and white only, and in some cases with illustrations. They are confined entirely to goods of industrial character, for which the demand exists only among manufacturers,

business men, farmers, etc. There is in addition an alphabetical index of advertisements.

The main body of the magazine might be divided into three parts: 1, The South, with special emphasis laid upon cotton; 2, Miscellaneous news items on a wide variety of subjects, and; 3, The following departments, each of a page or two: Iron and Steel, Railroads, Textiles, Good Roads and Streets, Lumber and Building Material, Mechanical, Construction, Machinery, New Financial Corporations, New Securities, Trade Literature, and Industrial News of Interest. In order to obtain some idea as to the usefulness and scope of the Manufacturer's Record, we shall take up for consideration each of these three parts individually.

It is in the first and most important of the three main divisions that the development of the South and Southwest is recorded and advocated. Such slogans as, "Go South, Young Man," mark the policy of the Record, which endeavors to foster the spirit of progress which is in process of growth in North Carolina at present. To propagate this spirit throughout the other Southern States, to bring about an extension of manufacturing industries, scientific agriculture, and improved educational facilities are the aims towards which it is working. Primarily, it is made to conform to the demands of Southern business men and farmers by laying stress upon the cotton situation, comprehending within its fields every detail of this industry from the farm to the factory. Editorials are written about cotton, articles by leading merchants, farmers, and manufacturers giving advice, making forecasts, and spreading their expert knowledge; and reports on the prices, both abroad and at home, are featured. In addition, the numerous interests subordinate to, or correlated with, this vast industry are discussed

in detail. The broader questions of importance to the South as distinct from the cotton interests are brought within the scope of the Record. For instance, it strongly advocates education as a panacea to the negro troubles, it favors the negro migration; it loudly proclaims its support of all good road projects; it encourages the exploitation and diversification of Southern industries; it denounces Southern convict labor in mines and farms; and, finally, it prophesies a future of Southern ascendancy, when its pure Anglo-Saxon stock, uncontaminated by the revolutionary social and religious doctrines of foreign radicals will be the final refuge and mainstay of democratic America.

To the extent that news concerning the cotton industry predominates in that section of the Record devoted to the South, so do news items of Southern interest take precedence in that section reserved for miscellaneous news. Here the Record does not confine itself to industrial subjects, but branches out ambitiously into politics and religion. The "sinister" influence of unions, the demoralizing results of the short eight hour day, the preposterous theory of the division of profits, and the undemocratic tyranny of the closed shops are denounced in uncompromising terms. A strong stand is taken against the twelve hour day, the cost of which, however, should be borne by the public. The Record advocates restricted immigration, repeatedly stresses the radicalism of this class of Europeans, pleads again and again for preparedness, supports the French in the Ruhr, condemns the "crimes" of Germany, and deplores the apathy of Great Britain.

In politics, the Record would appear to be independent, though it has lately taken a decidedly Republican attitude. Harding and Coolidge receive unstinted praise and support;

McAdoo and the government control of the railroads are sharply criticized; and the people of the South are urged to vote for a high tariff and strict prohibitionist candidate for the presidency, the Underwood Tariff, incidentally, being denounced. In short, the Manufacturer's Record appears to be an organ of the conservative manufacturers and capitalists of the East, in favor of protection and bent upon the defeat of radicalism and the advanced theories regarding labor and its relation to capital. Among the better known contributor to this section of the Record, we might mention: President Harding, Senator Fletcher, Governor Allen of Kansas, Governor Kilby of Alabama, President Barnes of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Judge Gary, and Governor McLeod of South Carolina.

The departments of the third main section of the Record give in brief the more important news under each of the several headings. The Iron and Steel, the Textile, and the Railroad departments summarize the latest developments in each of these fields, without enlarging upon them, and confining to a great extent the reports to items of interest in the South. The Lumber and Building Material department is similar in nature. While the Good Roads and Streets sub-division is more general and is characterized by enthusiastic support of all improvements in this field. The Construction department is perhaps more useful and more in demand among Southern readers than the others. It contains a complete list of all construction, under way or proposed, throughout the South. The New Financial Corporation department announces, as its name implies, all newly incorporated Southern companies; and the New Securities department lists all new circulars and catalogues published by any corporation, and makes short comments

on each. Finally, the department for Industrial News of Interest gives, as the title suggests, items pertaining to well known corporations in the Southern States.

In summing up, the Manufacturer's Record is an excellent trade journal, enjoying a high reputation throughout the South and the nation because of its sound conservative principles, and valuable to farmers, business men and professional men by virtue of the understanding, sagacious manner in which it handles the technical details as well as the border generalities of the field it covers.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The Scientific American is a monthly periodical covering in its selection of subject matter all fields of science, although greater emphasis is placed on the practical application of those sciences material in nature. It was founded in New York City, in 1845, and is published by the Scientific American Publishing Company, of 233 Broadway, as a subsidiary of Munn and Company. In recent years the subscription price has been four dollars per year or thirty-five cents per copy.

This magazine, aiming to present to its readers accurate, thorough, and timely digests of all the developments in its field, maintains a large staff of editors and correspondents among whose names many university professors and other leaders of science are found. Austin C. Lescarbourba is chief editor, assisted by J. Bernard Walker and Malcolm Bird. Department editors are Albert A. Hopkins, Ismar Ginsberg, Victor W. Page, and Henry Norris Russell; and, in addition, there are representatives in London, Paris, and in Berlin.

Analyzed according to content, the Scientific American may be divided somewhat as follows: (1) a series of leading articles, varying in number with the issue but averaging probably twenty; (2) shorter articles of relatively minor importance; (3) twelve departments, appearing almost without exception in each issue; (4) two editorial features appearing under the heads of (a) Our Point of View, and (b) With The Editors.

A list of the titles of various leading articles, with their authors, will sufficiently indicate the nature of that division. The following were taken from the issues of January, 1922, and June, 1923. The list is incomplete but representative.

America's Domestic Food Supply, Robert G. Skerrett; The Radio Central, Austin C. Lescabourba; The Hydraulic Laboratory, Robert G. Skerrett; Stamp Frauds and Their Detection, Malcolm C. Bird; Comets That Have Lost Their Tails, J. F. Springer; The Airplane Catapult, J. Bernard Walker; Vehicular Tunnel Ventilation, by the Staff; The Hydraulic Jump, Harry A. Mount:

From Steamer to Sailing Ship, by the Staff; With Eyepiece and Camera, Albert A. Hopkins; Naval Construction in Japan, Hector C. Bywater (London representative); Recent Advances in Lighting, M. Luckiesch; Noises for the Movies, Albert A. Hopkins; Reading Between the Lines, Jacques Boyer; Lessening Lumber Losses, George H. Dacy; The Mechanism of the Pyschic, Hereward Carrington:

Writing for the Microscopic Eye, Alfred McEwen; Peaceful Conquest, Dr. Albert Neuberger; Our Psychic Investigation in Europe, by the Staff; Master Builders Called Insects, S. F. Aaron; Budding, Dr. E. Bade.

While the shorter articles in division (2) are of less general importance, they are valuable to the worker in some particular field or fields in that they enable him to keep abreast of the developments bearing on his profession.

The twelve departments are as follows: The Service of the Chemist; The Heavens in ———— (name of the month in which the issue appears); Inventions New and Interesting; Our Reader's Point of View; Recently Patented Inventions; Miscellaneous Engineering Notes; Patent and Trade-Mark Notes; Notes and Queries. No comment is necessary, since in each case the title clearly indicates the subject matter.

With the Editors consists chiefly of comment upon leading articles or upon the authors of those features. Our Point of View is more extensive, regularly filling two pages of an issue. It corresponds to the editorial page of a daily newspaper and attempts to interpret the discoveries and advancement of science and the trends of development in its various fields.

Recently the Scientific American conducted a psychic investigation in Europe and America, and it is now investigating the remarkable claims made for the method of diagnosing and curing disease, first used by a Dr. Abrams. The results so far have appeared as special features of recent issues.

In 1879 the periodical began the publication of a supplement, which now is issued weekly; and in 1916 the Scientific American Monthly was established as a separate magazine. It contains features of a more abstract and strictly scientific character than the other two but concerns itself with the same general subjects.

The average number of pages in the Scientific American is approximately seventy-eight. Of the total, about one-fourth consists of advertising. A large number of photographic and other illustrations are used, probably one-fourth of the entire space, and many articles have as many as five or six.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES

Established in 1820 The American Journal of the Medical Sciences is owned and published by Lea and Febiger. The magazine comes out monthly from its publishing point, Philadelphia and the contributions which appear in it are strictly confined to the medical world. It is now appearing in the 190th volume. Each month's issue contains from ten to fourteen articles by the most eminent and conspicuous physicians and surgeons. Among those who have had articles published in this periodical are Dr. James S. McLester, Dr. Henry K. Pancost, Thomas Lewis, Eugene P. Pendergrass, M. D., Arthur D. Dunn, Dr. Morris H. Kahn, Dr. Louise W. Farnan, George E. Pierce, Dr. Oscar Ritchey, George Wilson, M. D., John A. Fordyce, and many others too numerous to mention in so limited a space. Each issue has original articles, review articles, and articles confined to the progress of medical science. The department dealing with medical progress is divided into three parts: (1) the medicine department under Doctors W. S. Thayer, Roger S. Morris, and Thomas Ordway; (2) the surgery department under the care of Dr. T. Turner Thomas and (3) the therapeutics department which is directed by Drs. Samuel W. Lambert and Charles C. Lieb. Dr. Thayer who was once editor of the Journal is one of America's most prominent

physicians. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Johns Hopkins University, a member of Association American physicians and the American Associations of Pathologists and Bacteriologists, Washington Academy Sciences; honorary member of Therapeutical Society of Moscow and member of the Society for Internal Medicine and Diseases of Children, Vienna. He is author of several books on Malarial Fever and delivered many lectures on this subject a few years ago.

In physical appearance the magazine is nine by six inches. It contains approximately two hundred pages about forty of these being devoted to advertisements. A number of illustrations and cuts are given throughout the magazine. These are, of course, put in to bring out the idea which the writers are seeking to establish. Every advertisement is for a medical man's use. There are no advertisements for automobiles, clothes, tobacco, furniture and other things such as one sees advertised in the ordinary magazines and the Curtis publications. There are no colored ads; all ads are in black and white. Not more than two double page ads appear in the most recent issues, and about twelve of the forty pages of advertisements are whole page ads. About ten pages of half-page ads appear, the remainder of the advertising space being devoted to quarter and eighth page ads. The Journal is bound in yellow paper, the back is covered with two half-page ads while the front is an index to the issue. No cartoons appear and no artistic covers are ever used. The cost of advertising in this magazine is not given except on application.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences is a true mirror of the fields in which it operates. It has done much to promote the progress of the Medical Science.

The editor at present is Dr. John H. Musser, the associate editor is Dr. E. B. Krumbhaar. Dr. Musser has been editor since the summer of 1922. His predecessor was Dr. George Morris Piersol. Musser before becoming editor was associate editor. These men are eminent physicians and leaders in their field of work.

The subscription price of the Journal is six dollars per year.

MEN'S WEAR

Men's Wear is a drygoods magazine published twice a month by Fairchild Company at 418 South Market Street, Chicago. The subscription rate is $2 per year, single copies selling for twenty cents each. The foreign or Canadian subscription price is $5 per year. The publishers of this magazine are members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and have offices in Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia, Rochester, St. Louis, London, Paris and Berlin. The signed articles in the pages of Men's Wear represent the individual's opinion and not necessarily that of the magazine.

Men's Wear is now in its fifty-fifth volume. It first appeared in 1896 and during its existence it has increased greatly and rapidly both in size and circulation. This periodical is designed expressly for the merchant and his staff; its function is to convey new ideas pertaining to the dry goods world and to render service to all dealers in men's apparel. The title, Men's Wear is registered in the United States patent office.

Every publication of this magazine carries from five to ten articles by the foremost dry goods salesmen and manu-

facturers in the country. The nature of these articles may be ascertained by the following titles: The New College Styles, The Autumn Dress of well-to-do Americans, Selling Pointers for Luggage Salesmen, Dramatizing Your Merchandise, Coming Fashions for Town and Country, Tables as Silent Salesmen, and Golf Clothes at the Amateur Tournament. In the table of contents is found articles under the head of accessories. In this list appears "Novelties from Paris shops," "New ideas in lounging coats," "New designs in handkerchiefs," and other writings along this line.

The subject of advertising is treated at length. Stirring editorials are distributed throughout the magazine, and a chapter dealing with store architecture appears in every issue. Articles on store management are in all copies of Men's Wear. Window dressing is treated at length in this periodical. Salesmanship and selling ideas are developed at length. The subject of knit goods, hats and caps, neckwear, and little men's wear is discussed thoroughly. Many other articles or cuts illustrating styles and the methods of selling drygoods appear throughout the pages of this magazine. It also has articles devoted to the news of the Retailer's Association and to the doings and whereabouts of various travelling men over the country. News from various sections is given telling what the leading merchants are doing, of the new stores which are being opened, of the old ones which are being remodeled, of the changes in some of the well-known firms and of the incorporation of others. News of the recent patents that have an interesting appeal to men's wear dealers are illustrated by cuts and pictures. A page is devoted to the business troubles of the drygoods men throughout the country and another page deals with

the court decisions which have developed as a result of these troubles. Several pages entitled "Business Notes" appear in every issue. These deal with news of the manufacturers.

In physical appearance Men's Wear is twelve by nine inches, is printed on an excellent quality of paper and contains from two hundred and fifty pages to three hundred pages per issue. The cover is of paper. On the front is a drawing in colors illustrating a style in athletics, street or evening clothes. The back is taken up with a full page advertisement. By investigating six issues taken at various periods of the year for the last two years, it was found that Men's Wear averaged two hundred ads per issue. Out of this number one hundred and twenty were whole page ads and sixteen were double page ads. There was an average of two four page ads per issue. For the most part the ads were in black and white but some manufacturers used three colors in their advertisements. Practically every page of advertising was devoted to men's clothes or men's wearing apparel.

Men's Wear contains a great many pictures and illustrations which are employed to bring out the ideas expressed in the articles that are written for it.

This magazine is a true mirror of the field in which it operates. In its pages the editor goes into detail upon whatever subject he may be writing and the contributors to this magazine in promulgating their cognitions endeavor to depict the minute idiosyncrasies of the person or thing upon which they are elaborating.

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The number of specialized periodicals exceeds 1,400. To discuss all could never be done. These that have been

taken up are typical, and give a sufficiently clear idea of what the group includes.

CHAPTER VI

Glimpses of Great Writers and Editors

EARLIER in this work it was said that a vast majority of people like to read biographies and especially autobiographies, because it is one of the peculiarities of mankind that it craves an intimate association, so to speak, with the great or the near-great. This being true, it is even more the case that beginners and amateurs in the profession of writing have an insatiable appetite for little stories about the leaders in authorship and article reading—the men and women whom, for some reason or other, they have placed on a high pedestal as their ideals—a duplicate of which they themselves would like to be some day.

The number of those who have reached lofty positions in the ranks of writing armies is large—and becoming larger every day. One reason for the immensity of the number of successful is the wide range of taste of the American reading public. A writer who is declared a leader by one group may be utterly detested by another, and so on, thus making the question of success a purely relative one.

But there are some standards that the entire reading universe accepts, and it is some of the many who have acquired this kind of success that will be considered. In selecting these few about whose lives have been written, an attempt has been made to select universal favorites, those who made considerable contributions in their particular fields, and incidentally those whose lives themselves are unique and interesting.

EDWARD W. BOK

There are few characters among our contemporaries whose lives form such an interesting and romantic study as does that of Edward W. Bok, former editor of The Ladies' Home Journal. Born in the Netherlands in 1863, he accompanied his father and mother to this country when a boy six years old. As soon as he became located and began to mix with the other boys in his neighborhood he realized that he was inundated with handicaps and that many hardships were to follow as a result of this.

English was a language unknown to the little foreigner and it would appear to any one that progress to a person laboring under this disadvantage in America would be well nigh, if not quite, impossible; however, Bok was not made of the material which gives up because it is unprepared to meet the obstacles which confront it and he began immediately to fit himself to cope with those around him.

The first twenty years of Bok's life in America were spent in Brooklyn, New York. He entered the public schools there as soon as he reached this country and attended classes in the grammar schools until he reached the age of thirteen. At this period he was forced because of financial matters and his eagerness to earn money to help pay the family expenses to leave school. He became an office boy in a department of the Western Union Telegraph Company. His pay was six dollars and twenty-five cents per week.

With the pursuit of his formal education ended, the question of self-education became the predominant thought with Edward Bok. His continued persistence for the seven years that he had been in this country had given him a fair foundation in the English language, but he realized that seven years

of public school work would not give one a sufficient education to begin the work of a life upon. With this realization he began his schedule of self-education. Bok observed that many of the leading men in the country were not college bred; yet they had achieved success. He resolved to find out the manner by which one could accomplish such results, and he reasoned that the line of procedure would be to read the biographies of these men. This he did. His first information was secured from books in the public library but by self-denial he saved sufficient funds to purchase a set of Appleton's Encyclopedia; here he could obtain all the information he desired and he found to his delight that in many instances these men had begun at the bottom with modest means and limited knowledge. Through self-education and sheer ability they had worked their way to the top. Bok determined to follow in the footsteps of these men.

The boy decided that autograph letters from famous persons would be one means of self-education. As the result of a number of letters which he sent out he received replies from such illustrious personages as General James A. Garfield, General Grant, Longfellow, and General Jubal A. Early. These answers were published in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Soon the attention of people all over the country was attracted and newspapers were referring to the well known Brooklyn Autograph collector.

During his boyhood days Edward Bok sought out and became acquainted with some of the greatest men America has produced. He made a trip to New England in order that he might meet the literary genii there.

In 1884 Mr. Bok became editor of the Brooklyn Magazine. Soon afterwards the periodical secured the privilege of printing the sermons of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev-

erend T. DeWitt Talmadge. With this added attraction the magazine was sure to grow in circulation. In 1887 the publication was purchased by Mr. Rufus T. Bush. With this transaction the name was changed to The American Magazine and was printed in New York. Later the name of the periodical was changed to *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and bears that title today.

With the passing of the Brooklyn Magazine, Edward Bok found himself without editorial responsibility. However, he had not lost all connection with newspapers and newspaper work for just prior to disposing of the Brooklyn Magazine he had begun the syndicate plan of furnishing the same article to a group of different publications for simultaneous appearance. Through his intimate acquaintance with the noted minister, Henry Ward Beecher and the latter's coöperation this idea was made a success from the first. Soon the Bok Syndicate Press was organized and William J. Bok, Edward's brother was made active manager.

At this point Mr. Bok realized the expediency of getting women throughout the country to take an interest in reading the newspapers. To stimulate their interest he made arrangements with a woman to write syndicate material for his press. This was successful instantaneously. A little later he induced Ella Wheeler Wilcox to contribute articles for his papers. This syndicated with the other material which his press turned out assured the success of the enterprise and his capability to contribute interesting reading matter to the American women. From this it is seen that the efforts and foresight of Edward W. Bok are responsible for the appearance of the first woman's page in the papers of the United States. Advertisers quickly realized the importance of a woman's page in the medium

which they used to advertise in and soon every paper which did not carry Bok's page originated one of its own.

At this time Mr. Bok was employed as a clerk and stenographer for Henry Holt & Company. A similar position was open with Charles Scribner's Sons; Bok saw the advantage of making a change and this he did in January 1884. He remained with Scribner's publishing house until he assumed the duties as editor of The Ladies' Home Journal in 1889.

Bok was only twenty-one years old but he had done a marvelous amount of work for one so young. This he accomplished by remaining busy. No moments in his life were idled away. He enjoyed social functions but he realized that work alone would bring one to the goal of his life.

In his work Bok received many opportunities for self-education and an opportunity to learn in detail the working and business methods of a large publishing house. As a stenographer he learned much through the letters dictated to him. His work brought him in touch with the best books of America, Great Britain and Europe.

The first attempt which Mr. Bok made at writing and publishing a book was in 1887 when he privately published a memorial of Henry Ward Beecher. The volume was printed in a limited edition of five hundred copies and sold rapidly. The newspapers of the day gave much space to reviewing the distinguished memorial.

During Mr. Bok's last years in New York he followed advertising. This occupation proved very pleasing to him; he enjoyed more than any other part of his work the writing of advertisements. The art of saying much in a limited space appealed to him more than book reviewing or editorial writing. He had done much of the latter but now resolved to follow in what seemed to him his bent and specialize in advertising.

Mr. Bok was among the first in his profession to recognize the value of white space in advertisements and although he experienced difficulty in convincing his advertisers in what he believed, it has now become a well recognized policy and many advertisers demand white space in their announcements.

During the progress of these events, Bok's letter, "Literary Leaves," was appearing in many newspapers throughout the east. Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, owner and publisher of The Ladies' Home Journal read these letters with interest in a Philadelphia paper. Mr. Curtis needed an editor for his magazine and resolved to interview Mr. Bok with this end in view. After some preliminary contributions to determine his qualifications for the position of editing a woman's magazine, Mr. Bok became editor of The Ladies' Home Journal on October 20, 1889. In this capacity he has shown the world his ability as an editor and his wonderful insight into human nature. It is in this field that he has become so interesting as an American citizen.

Mr. Bok succeeded Mrs. C. H. K. Curtis as editor of The Ladies' Home Journal. At that time the circulation of the periodical was 440,000. At present[1] the circulation approaches the two million mark. This is a figure previously unheard of for a monthly magazine and it has been made possible because of the editorial instinct and executive ability of Edward W. Bok. He found out what the people wanted and then he gave them something better; he understands the American people and their literary tastes. Cost and trouble were not considered when it came time to obtain magazine articles. He always sought after the best and put it before the public. The most famous persons and the best authors and writers at home and abroad were employed to contribute to the pages of this won-

[1] 1924

derful magazine. As a result the Ladies' Home Journal has become universally known and loved and the editor respected and admired throughout the countries of the civilized world. So admirable has been the career of the Ladies' Home Journal that magazines all over America are adopting its rules of ethics and policy of management.

In building up the Ladies' Home Journal Mr. Bok secured contributions from the daughters of Charles Dickens, Nathaniel Hawthorne, President Harrison, Horace Greeley, William M. Thackeray, William Dean Howells, General Sherman, Julia Ward Howe, Jefferson Davis, Mr. Gladstone, and a number of others. These articles appeared under the title "Clever Daughters of Clever Men" and attracted wide attention for the magazine.

About this time Mr. Curtis's single proprietorship of The Ladies' Home Journal was changed into a corporation known as The Curtis Publishing Company. The capital of the new organization was $500,000. Mr. Curtis was made president and Mr. Bok vice-president.

Through the pages of The Ladies' Home Journal Mr. Bok brought about some wonderful improvements and reforms. What he termed "a signal piece of constructive work" was accomplished in 1895 when he began a series of plans for homes which could be built for approximately $1,500 to $5,000. This idea was greeted with delight by people all over the United States, and the architect who drew the plans was inundated with questions regarding his work. People were shown that for the same expenditure of money they could build attractive, comfortable homes instead of the ugly unattractive houses so many were putting up.

The Pullman cars of twenty years ago were decorated with extremely bad taste. Bok realized this and resolved to call

public attention to it through editorials. This he did, and although there were no results from his first efforts, he wrote again and in the course of time the architecture of all the Pullman cars was changed. Through similar methods the editor succeeded in getting rid of bill-boards that were placed at picturesque spots over America.

Another adventure made into civic art by Mr. Bok was to expose the "Dirty Cities" in the United States. This consisted of publishing photographs of the untidy sections which various municipalities had allowed to develop in their limits. Immediately city authorities got busy and cleaned their towns.

Whenever Mr. Bok desired an article for his magazine he usually got it. This statement can be sustained by pointing out a department entitled "The President" which began in 1906 in The Ladies' Home Journal. Theodore Roosevelt was then president of the United States and the articles which appeared in Bok's magazine were dictated by Mr. Roosevelt while he was being shaved! These articles lasted for one year.

In 1916 Mr. Roosevelt again contributed to The Ladies' Home Journal. This time his identity was kept secret through the unique plan of sending his manuscript in longhand to Mr. Bok's home where the latter copied it in longhand and sent it to the composing room. These articles appeared in an anonymous department called "Men."

One of the most beneficial deeds which Mr. Bok did as editor of The Ladies' Home Journal was to clean up the patent medicine evils. He exposed the low methods which the medicine manufacturers resorted to in order to sell their product and showed the absolute worthlessness of many of the patent medicines on the market.

When the United States entered the World War Mr. Bok arranged with the American Red Cross Headquarters for a

department to appear in his magazine which would inform the women over the country about the plans which that organization would follow and how the women could assist in the work. Ex-President Taft who was chairman of the Central Committee of the Red Cross was made editor of this department of The Ladies' Home Journal.

When the different war boards were established in Washington, Mr. Bok received many offers to move to the capital city and assume duties with some of these, but he decided that he could do more to help by functioning in his position as editor of the magazine with which he was employed. Mr. Bok undertook several private commissions for the Government and was elected vice-president of the Philadelphia Belgian Relief Commission. In September 1917 Mr. Bok was made state chairman for the Y. M. C. A. War Work Council for Pennsylvania.

In 1918 Mr. Bok was invited by the British Government to join a party of thirteen American visitors to Great Britain and France to see what part the British government had done in the great war.

On the return voyage from Europe Mr. Bok resolved that he would discontinue as editor of The Ladies' Home Journal. On September 22, 1919 he relinquished his editorship. He had completed thirty years of service.

The following September upon the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in the United States he published "The Americanization of Edward W. Bok," an autobiography of a Dutch Boy fifty years after. This is one of the most popular biographies since Benjamin Franklin's autobiography and for it he was awarded by Columbia University the Joseph Pulitzer Prize for the best American biography of 1920.

In 1921 Mr. Bok was awarded the Gold Medal by the Academy of Political and Social Science at New York. In 1922 he published "Two Persons," a book. In 1923 Mr. Bok published the biography of Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis under the title "A Man from Maine." During the same year Rutgers College conferred upon Mr. Bok the degree of Doctor of Laws. Later in the year Mr. Bok created the American Peace Award of $100,000 for "the best practical plan by which the United States may co-operate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world." Thus we see that Edward W. Bok is doing his utmost to carry out the behest of his grandparents and is trying "to make the World a better place because he has lived in it."

ELLERY SEDGWICK

Ellery Sedgwick as Editor of the Atlantic Monthly Magazine occupies a position today which might well be considered among the most important in the field of American letters. The Atlantic Monthly is a magazine which is located in the center of American culture, Boston, and is the present day embodiment of the literary standard of a long line of distinguished literateurs. Throughout the nineteenth century Cambridge and Boston were the centers of literary endeavor in the United States; for, in and around these towns lived the most noted authors, philosophers, and editors of the nation. Among the periodicals begun during that century perhaps the purest example of Bostonian cultural expression was the Atlantic Monthly, and even today, however changed it may be as a result of the inevitable influence of modernism, it retains its excellence of style. Inasmuch as the editor of a journal is naturally its brain and directive force, its discriminator between what is literature and what is not, and the moulder of

its policies, it is necessary that he be chosen with a view to his traditionary influences and his reaction towards those forces in modern journalism which should be banned from conservative papers.

Mr. Sedgwick had the distinct advantage, in the eyes of a large part of the readers of the Atlantic Monthly of being brought up in the very best Bostonian atmosphere, of being educated in the university which above all others reflects Bostonian culture, and in being connected through ties of blood and of friendship with the exalted circles of the Cabots and the Lowells. That Mr. Sedgwick has merited the honor conferred upon him is proved by the success and popularity of his magazine, and that he has worthily carried out the policies of his predecessors is evident from the extremely literary nature which he has insisted upon as the standard of his publications.

Ellery Sedgwick was born in New York City in 1872. He is the son of Henry Dwight Sedgwick and of Henrietta Ellery, and the brother of Henry and Theodore Sedgwick, both of whom have won reputations for themselves, the former as an author and the latter as an ecclesiast. Theodore Sedgwick, is at present rector of Calvary Church, New York, and is a leading writer on theological subjects, as well as an important member of the Missionary Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church. From an educational point of view Ellery Sedgwick had every advantage; for his family, and the atmosphere of his home from his earliest days were conducive to study and earnest endeavor along thoroughly worth-while lines.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Sedgwick entered Harvard University from which he graduated in 1894 with an A. B. degree. For two years, following his graduation, he taught as a master in America's most expensive preparatory school,

Groton School in Massachusetts; and upon his resignation from Groton he began his editorial career as Assistant Editor of The Youth's Companion, which was published in Boston. In 1900 he transferred to Leslie's Monthly Magazine, becoming its editor, and remaining in this position for five years. In 1906 he became editor of the American Magazine, resigning in 1907 to become associated with McClure's Magazine, and a year later to affiliate himself with the D. Appleton Publishing Company. Finally, in 1909 Mr. Sedgwick was offered the position which he now occupies as editor of the Atlantic Monthly and as President of the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Mr. Sedgwick is the author of "The Life of Thomas Paine." He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Institute of Arts and Letters, and the Massachusetts Historical Society. Due to his reputation as an editor, an author, and a national figure in the realms of art and literature Mr. Sedgwick was twice honored by American universities with the degree of Doctor of Literature, by Tufts College in 1920, and by Dartmouth in 1921.

In 1904 Mr. Sedgwick married Miss Mabel Cabot, the daughter of Walter Channing Cabot of Boston. His home address is 14 Walnut Street and his office is 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

In conclusion it might be well to consider the theories upon which Ellery Sedgwick has based his editorial efforts. When a young man he attracted the attention of contemporary critics and editors by his energetic management of Leslie's Magazine, and at the age of thirty-one he was mentioned with considerable favor by the Critic Magazine. Mr. Sedgwick believes that the editorial influence of the future will be vested in the magazine rather than in the newspaper; for the magazine has more time for preparation, more space to devote to theories and exposi-

tions, and a much longer period of service than a journal which is read hastily one moment, and used for fire-making the next. Because of this longer period of service and the greater space and time for preparation the influence of a magazine should be, and is, naturally greater than that of a newspaper; and certainly the opportunity for swaying public opinion is greater. With this consciousness of the importance of magazine influence upon the thinking public, Mr. Sedgwick has laid down for himself certain principles which contain perhaps the secret of his own success. A magazine, according to Mr. Sedgwick, should follow a distinct, non-political policy, in contrast to newspapers which are generally mere political organs; it should be allied with more than one public interest, for otherwise its scope would be limited and its reading public narrowed down to the few who might be concerned with this particular public interest; and finally it should combine instruction with entertainment, and combine them so ingeniously that to the uninitiated the instruction would appear to be no more than entertainment. With these three editorial rules in mind, Mr. Sedgwick has guided for fourteen years the destinies of the Atlantic Monthly, and judging by his success it would be well for the editors of less known magazines to follow his precepts.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

This year (1924) George Horace Lorimer completed twenty-five years as editor of the Saturday Evening Post and the assertions seems well founded that in such a period few men have contributed so much to their country and civilization throughout the world as has Mr. Lorimer by handing to nearly two million readers each week a skillfully-edited, well-balanced, clean, wholesome, stimulating, magazine. Towering above those periodicals which have their chief appeal in that they are

made up wholly of destructive, muck-raking criticisms, and in many instances edited by critics and cynics of whom Charles W. Eliot so well says "(they) dwell much more on the existing evils than on the remedies," Mr. Lorimer's Post has gone 52 times each year—1,300 times since he has been editor—to that great group of steady Americans who contribute most to making the United States the solid Federal Democracy that it is.

Representative of comment far and wide on the completion of his twenty-five years with the Curtis Publishing Company as editor of the Post, The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution said:

"George Horace Lorimer completes today his twenty-fifth year as editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

"A quarter of a century is a long time measured by the natural expectancy of a man.

"And in that time one whose thoughts are constructive, whose labors are upbuilding, whose energy is devoted to worthwhile things, can accomplish much for the good of mankind and for the strengthening of the idealisms of national life.

"And so has been the twenty-five years of undivided service of George Horace Lorimer, as editor of the Saturday Evening Post, the great periodical that Benjamin Franklin first made famous.

"During long years of suspension and others of indifferent hold upon the thought of America, the Post had not become the great weekly newspaper and magazine that it is today.

"But Lorimer breathed into it a new life. He made it an exponent of every worthy undertaking; the medium of expression for the ablest literary talent of this country. He preserved on the editorial page, the proud heritage of its founder. He kept it always American, always liberal, always sound, and always constructive.

"Today the Saturday Evening Post is one among the great weekly periodicals of the world, and its success is largely due to the editor, whose calm and deliberative pilotage has kept it always from the political and social and religious shoals, but squarely in the middle of the channel that marked the correct and righteous course.

"The Constitution felicitates Mr. Lorimer on his quarter of a century of strengthening service to America and all that is American.

"No man has done more in the same period to develop the literature of America or the idealisms of the great popular government."

That Mr. Lorimer had already begun a career in a field other than the journalistic, and the unique manner in which he came to be connected with the Post are interesting phases in the life of the man to observe. Mr. Lorimer was in 1895 connected with the Armours in Chicago, holding a $5,000 position with their company at the age of 22. This was an extraordinary and well paid post for that day. For some reason he decided that he wanted to enter the field of Journalism. He first went to Colby College in Maine where he took a two year course in general literature, and then became a reporter on the Boston Post. He remained with the Post for two years and then decided to devote himself to free-lance literary work.

Just at this time Mr. Curtis offered him a position on the Post "to do anything that he could." Lorimer went to Philadelphia, took hold of what he could find to do on the Post, and showed such clear-headed common sense in his suggestions that within the three weeks in which he had to show his work before Mr. Curtis sailed for Europe he succeeded and when Mr. Curtis sailed he put Lorimer in charge as editor. Soon the Post was getting and printing the material that its owner wished to see

in it, and he told Lorimer that he could consider himself as its permanent editor.

The subscription list of the Post was a little over 3,000 when Mr. Lorimer became its editor and now it is approaching the three million mark. This wonderful increase in circulation is due to two things primarily: the large amount of money spent in advertising the Post and the rare ability of Mr. Lorimer to secure men of literary ability to contribute to the Post. These contributions appeal to real men. Mr. Lorimer knows how to exercise skill and judgment in selecting material. He has built up one of the greatest magazines in all of America as far as its circulation, traditions, and content is a measure of greatness.

George Horace Lorimer was born in Louisville, Kentucky on October 6, 1868. He became Literary and Managing Editor of the Saturday Evening Post in 1897. Associated with Mr. Lorimer as editors are such noted Journalists as Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson.

Among the notable contributors of the past have been many men of eminence in America and Europe. Among the popular writers of the past ten years we find John Fox, Jr., Tyrus Cobb, Irvin Cobb, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Judge Ben Linsey, Harry Leon Wilson, Samuel G. Blythe, Albert W. Atwood, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Henry Watterson, Booth Tarkington, Baron Rosen, Henry C. Rowland, May Edginton, Holworthy Hall, Henry Pason Dowst, Alice Duer Miller and many others.

The past quarter of a century has witnessed the most remarkable development of any period in the history of the world. In reviewing some of the outstanding things that have happened we catch a glimpse of the conditions under which Mr. Lorimer has labored.

JOHN M. SIDDALL

John M. Siddall as editor of the American Magazine, was one of the most picturesque characters in American letters and his career was quite as striking as any of those to be found on the pages of his Magazine; and it will be recalled that the American Magazine is a publication whose chief attraction is its stories of the great, the unusual, and the unique people selected from living groups.

Relating the death of Mr. Siddall which occurred in the summer of 1923, The New York World in a front page illustrated story said:

"Mr. Siddall died, as he had lived, almost in the role of a character in one of the stories in his magazine. Four months ago, forty-nine years old and in the prime of life, he was told he had cancer of the stomach and death was a question of only a short time. If he would retire and avoid exertion he might live a year. Otherwise the end would come in a few weeks or months.

"He chose to die in harness. He insisted that no one should know of the death sentence pronounced by the doctors. He went to his office as usual and none of his associates knew of his condition. This was in April. Mr. Siddall remained at his post until a month ago. Then he went home. He had said he did not wish sympathetic inquiries from friends. Even after he had left his desk, the nature of his illness did not become known for some time.

" 'Sid Says,' a half-page editorial appearing in each issue of the American Magazine, was one of the features which attracted wide attention. Mr. Siddall was the writer. For several months now—for magazines are printed a long time in

advance—the optimistic 'Sid Says' will appear despite its author's death.

"So it is with the stories and articles that he approved during the weeks before he was forced to leave the offices of the American Magazine. Mr. Siddall knew he would be dead before the stories appeared, just as he knew he would never see the last 'Sid Says' paragraphs in print.

"During the years Mr. Siddall was at the helm of the American Magazine—he became editor-in-chief in 1915—its circulation leaped from 400,000 to more than 2,000,000. A former newspaper man, he took many of the best features of the typical Sunday section into the monthly magazine field.

" 'Victory,' its editor once wrote, 'is what the American Magazine is interested in. Victory for the individual over the odds that beset him. There are all kinds—sickness, lack of education, opportunity or money, environment, bad habits, absurd weaknesses, every sort of mental, physical and spiritual barrier of "The Pilgrim's Progress." "Money is one of the counters in the game, but only one."

"John McAlpine Siddall was born in Oberlin, Ohio, October 8, 1874. While in preparatory school he decided that writing was to be his life work. First he became a reporter on a local paper and during vacations, while at Oberlin College, he was a member of the staff of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Upon graduation from Oberlin he went to Harvard, where he won a scholarship. In June, 1899, he was graduated. He returned to Cleveland, where he had been summoned by the city editor of the Plain Dealer while a street car strike was brewing. He remained with the Plain Dealer until 1901, rising to the post of assistant city editor.

"Mr. Siddall then went into magazine work as editor of the Chautauquan Magazine. In 1904 he came to New York as

a member of the editorial staff of McClure's, and in 1906 joined the American Magazine as associate editor. When he became editor-in-chief nine years later he put into effect his own ideas, to make the magazine so human that every reader would read of himself in its pages.

"In 1904 Mr. Siddall married Miss Jean Harriet Joiner of Polo, Ill. She survives him. There are no children. He lived at No. 64 East 86th Street. His summer home was at Ardsley-on-Hudson. He was a member of the University, Harvard and Ardsley Clubs. 'Sid Says,' a collection of his essays was published by the Century Company in 1917."

Perhaps one of the most graphic pictures of Siddall is that which appeared in The New York Times a Sunday after his death written by an unnamed author. In part this article read:

"The outstanding facts of his life have been told, how he rushed from Oberlin College to begin, before sunset on his graduation day, his newspaper work on the Cleveland Plain Dealer; and how he rose within a very few years to his position as the guiding genius of a monthly magazine with a huge circulation.

"Behind the bare biographical facts is a story, yet to be told, of a personality that was strong enough to draw to its possessor the good will of hundreds of thousands of people. Mr. Siddall, in spite of his comparative youth—his class at Oberlin met in twenty-fifth annual reunion only last month—was one of the outstanding editors of his time. Concerning him, as concerning the scores of eminent men whose careers he held up for emulation of the world, the question is asked: 'What was the secret of his success?'

"Probably the answer is, 'His faith in an idea.'

" 'His idea,' says a person long associated with him, 'was that people are more interested in themselves than in anything else in the world. That personal problems mean more to the average man or woman than social or community problems. That the question, "How to make a living," is more vital than the question, "How to regulate the railroads."

" 'That was John Siddall's idea. He served it faithfully, and it served him in return. Call it a clever business idea, if you will, or a piece of highly enlightened selfishness, and the fact still remains that his idea filled a great need in America and has done an incalculable amount of good.'

"The magazine world has its ups and downs, its high peaks and its panics, like any other world that depends upon popular fancy and confidence for its prosperity. A 'low' came in the magazine curve fifteen or twenty years ago. The staid publications of the venerable New England type had been superseded in public favor by the thunderous magazines that many shocked persons of the Mark Hanna era liked to call 'muck-rakers.'

"These new ventures were as intellectual as the New Englanders had dared to be, and more useful, perhaps, in that they undertook to grapple—and did grapple masterfully—with the largest problems, tendencies and evils in sight. But even their popularity faded. It may be that they thundered too loud and that the times were not ready for such crashing music. Not even with a staff that included such brilliant minds as Ray Stannard Baker, Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and John S. Phillips could headway be made against conditions.

"The story goes that the publishers of the American found themselves slipping and offered the editorship to the man or woman on the staff who could suggest the best life-saving idea;

and that John M. Siddall came forward with the desired idea and won the prize.

"Whether this story is apocryphal or not, Mr. Siddall was the directing force of the magazine from that time to the day of his death, and by adhering to his idea rigorously he rose to be one of the most notably successful magazine editors in history.

"No other magazine published today is so filled with one man's personality as was his. Mr. Siddall wrote for years a short monthly editorial headed 'Sid Says!' But that was the least important of his appearances before his readers. He is as cleverly seen in any and every other page between the covers, sturdily maintaining his idea of what the reading public, or a big portion of it, wants in the way of food for thought.

"He saw that the ruling passion of a great class of Americans is to make good; not necessarily to make money, but to make the best of themselves, of their talents and their opportunities; to acquit themselves creditably despite unfavoring circumstances. And he took those Americans seriously.

"The fruits of his idea are seen partly in the circulation books, and still more abundantly in the hold that Siddall had upon the imagination and the gratitude of his public. He once said that his public was not a fixed quantity. It grew up to him, was influenced by him and passed on, still bearing his imprint, though perhaps conscious of him no longer. He aimed to provide struggling young ambition and fainting old ambition with the stimulus that they needed to help them surmount their difficulties. He showed that daily business life was adventure just as surely as life in the remote and romantic regions far from the drab city and the workaday farm. He glorified that daily adventure.

"Moreover, Siddall preached courage, obedience, cheerfulness, loyalty, all the virtues. He dispensed morality in limitless amount from a titanic pulpit, and he 'put it over' not by the dull method of homily, but by the adroit method of telling stories out of real life.

"His message was that it is possible for every man and every woman to rise to credit and renown by putting to use the simple, every-day powers that lie within every personality. He appealed to those powers in his readers by exhibiting an overwhelming gallery of portraits of men and women who had succeeded through no miracle or lucky secret, but through the application of common sense.

"In reality, there were two John M. Siddalls, and so different they were that, could they have been separately personified, they might have walked side by side through all Broadway without being recognized as twins.

"There was the executive known to the literary agent, the paper salesman, the printer and the ink dealer. That Siddall was as business-like a man as one could find in all Wall street or the wholesale dry goods district. 'A shrewd, snappy, short-spoken man conscious of his power,' said a person who had business contact with him. 'He signed letters all the while you talked with him.'

"Then there was the Siddall whom few ever saw, but whom thousands of people knew more truly than they know their next-door neighbors; a man whom they admired and loved for his neighborliness, indeed, and for the help he lent them in their daily living.

"By some it is said that Siddall was no editor; that he was a clever advertising expert instead, who exploited benevolently a large class of people; and that he capitalized youthful aspiration to his own profit, and flattered the self-esteem of folk

cursed with the inferiority complex. There are always two ways of looking at any remarkable human achievement.

"It would not be safe to speak disparagingly of Mr. Siddall to those thousands of good citizens who know him through his work and who look back to something printed by him or some writer of his that gave them the impulse to better their lot in life.

"A sophisticated person once said, 'No, I never read Siddall's stuff.'

" 'Why not?' was asked.

" 'Because,' replied the cynic, 'it is so darned helpful.'

"But because it was 'so darned helpful,' it reached a circulation close to the 2,000,000 mark.

"Ask that host of good folk which was the real Siddall: the clever business executive who signed his letters while his caller talked to him, or the Siddall who showed them the way to promotion and pay—and you know the answer you will get.

" 'After all,' says a student of the magazine market, 'it takes a good business man in these days of sharp competition and heavy cost to be a good editor. The old-fashioned genius who got out a magazine to please himself and his exclusive intellectual set would not travel far today. The woods are still full of that kind, but nobody hears much about them. They haven't grasped the fact that democracy has come into its share of learning at last. They still live in the ancient high-brow delusion that literacy is confined to a favored few.

" 'Or else they go to the other extreme and assume that the masses, having learned to read, are still primitive and near to the beast in their tastes. But now and then you find an editor, like Siddall, who has the insight to see life as it is and to serve its needs.

" 'The intelligentsia may wrinkle their noses at Siddall's sincerity; but I believe that if he had a billion dollars to play and his life to start over again, he would still follow his idea. He believed in it; and the fact that legions of business men responded to it proved that it was sound and valuable.'

"Mr. Siddall once wrote: 'Victory is what we are interested in. Victory for the individual over the odds that beset him. There are all kinds—sickness, lack of education, opportunity or money, environment, bad habits, absurd weaknesses, every sort of mental, physical and spiritual barrier of "The Pilgrim's Progress." '

"The success idea had been tried before as an editorial keynote, and had failed. Perhaps those who tried it were too abstract in applying it. They advised their readers 'That early to bed and early to rise' would make them healthy, wealthy and wise; and then, after a few months or years, they suspended publication. Mr. Siddall took the idea and dressed it up to modern clothes. He dramatized it. He believed in wise saws, but he went after modern instances.

"Across the stage walked the leading people of the living world—and not always those who were oftenest in the headlines or on the lips of the man in the street. He went into every profession and discovered the big hits in almost every line of endeavor. The brilliant Mrs. Fiske, in one number, gave place in the next to the pair of unknown East Siders who, on a margin of thirty-five cents, put on a rejected and rerejected play and stood to become millionaires before Broadway should tire of it.

"Mr. Siddall combed the country for heroes and heroines of living stories. In a single month he told the life history of an attorney who organized the farmers in cooperative marketing; a man who rose from office boy to the Presidency of a

bank note company; a woman lawyer who became a Supreme Court judge; a railway man who made it a rule to like the people he worked for, and so climbed to the highest office on the road; a widow who, when it became necessary for her to support her fatherless children, attained high rank as a writer; a minister who increased his usefulness by studying the art of drawing crowds; a blind man who repaired automobiles and conducted an orchestra; and a Texan who made a fortune finding out what armadillos were good for.

"Even this long list does not exhaust Mr. Siddall's offerings for that month. He never lost sight of his idea in two decades of editorial control. A writer offered him an article on wheat raising in Canada; such a piece as would have made acceptable copy for the best of editors in the nineties; a piece as informative as a dictionary.

" 'Now see here,' said Editor Siddall. 'This is all very fine. But rewrite it. Tell how somebody up in that country made a fortune raising wheat, and then I'll talk to you.'

"So, too, when Edwin P. Norwood, publicity man for the greatest circus on earth, submitted an article on the training of wild animals. The editor said:

" 'This piece would be mighty interesting to the animal-training profession, or to any one who expected to take it up as a life work. It's good science, no doubt. But my readers are not lion tamers and never expect to be. Try again. Make it interesting to them.'

"He followed his idea as strongly in buying fiction. Many a writer has received a gentle rejection that read:

" 'This is a lovely story, old man. But, you know, it isn't our kind.' To pass the Siddall censorship a story had to contain heroism in overcoming obstacles, and enough of it to be an inspiration to the greatest possible number of readers.

"The daily papers have said that Mr. Siddall died gamely, as the hero of one of his stories would have died, keeping the news of his fatal ailment to himself, continuing his work to the last possible hour, planning magazine numbers that he knew would be issued by another hand than his.

"Persons who had business correspondence with him in the last few months have noted an unexplained kindliness in the tone of his letters and a show of personal interest greater, perhaps, than the occasion warranted.

"One of the last bits of philosophy, written when he knew he was to be cut off in the prime of life, had to do with the vastness of the universe and the comparative insignificance of man. There was no hint in it of his own sorrow. He drew a whimsical picture of potato bugs looking through a telescope, discovering the haystack on the next farm and thinking they had seen to the end of creation. He concluded in this characteristic fashion:

" 'The moral of these sad reflections is this: Everything is relative—everything has untold possibilities. You have seen no further than the haystack into the possibilities of your job or the development of your talents or the refinement of your character. In other words—don't get the swelled head over what you have accomplished, or how much you know. It isn't much. Instead of sticking out your chest, go ahead with your study. See whether, before you die, you can't get a look past the haystack and maybe as far as Deacon Oldguy's brand new windmill.' "

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Sherwood Anderson, one of the outstanding American writers of the day, was born in Camden, Ohio, September 13, 1876. His parents were Irwin and Emma (Smith) Anderson.

Mr. Anderson received only a public school education, his failure to attend college probably owing to his father's limited means. In 1916, he was married to Miss Tennessee Mitchell of Chicago.

Mr. Anderson's work falls into two distinct classes: magazine and novel, both classes embracing fiction, poetry, and articles of a more or less serious nature. "Windy McPherson's Son" by Mr. Anderson appeared in 1916, went rapidly through several editions, and really constituted his first recognized success. In 1917, "Marching Men" appeared and proved equally as popular as his first attempt. "Mid-American Chants," a selection of brilliant poems, appeared the following year and contributed much toward his rising fame.

Perhaps the most substantial contribution Mr. Anderson has made to American letters was his "Winnesburg, Ohio" which was published in 1919. Everywhere this book was praised by critics as one of the best creations of the school of the moderns. Its sterling literary merit was given full recognition when Boni and Liveright added the book to their Modern Library. Stimulated by his success, Mr. Anderson produced and published in 1920 his "Triumph of the Egg," a collection of witty and subtle short stories which gives a most correct estimate and standard of the modern writers. Besides publishing one book a year, Mr. Anderson has contributed regularly to The Dial, and occasionally to The Nation.

His most recent contribution to The Dial was his latest novel, "Many Marriages," which appeared in serial form. The Nation, for the past few months, has been carrying at regular intervals, literary diagnoses and analyses of the different states of the Union. The article on Ohio was written by Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson is a favorite short story writer because he combines his keen analytical powers with a rare literary ability and appreciation. His "Winnesburg, Ohio," and several of his short sketches and essays will, in time, become permanent additions to the best class of American literature.

FRANK H. SIMONDS

The work of Frank Simonds has a wide appeal because it is one of the most masterly interpretations of international politics to be found anywhere, certainly in the English language. His articles which appear regularly in The Review of Reviews and in large newspapers, are searching analyses of problems vital to the welfare of the world. He is informative, highly so, and upon subjects upon which it is necessary for thinking people to be well-informed.

Judging from the tone of his articles, it is apparent that Mr. Simonds has a very wide acquaintance among politicians, statesmen, and diplomats, an acquaintance that is not merely national but world-wide. Only thus would he be able to write with authority, as he does, on so many questions. Moreover, outside the borders of the political sphere he is widely acquainted, numbering the leaders of thought in the various phases of life among his friends. This fact enables him to be an even better writer than his natural genius and knowledge of public affairs else would permit.

The style employed by Mr. Simonds is clear, steady, dignified. He has a wide vocabulary, and sometimes uses a word outside its regular meaning if by so doing it expresses more clearly the idea to be conveyed. This peculiarity is more frequently noticed with verbs than with other parts of speech. Altogether, Mr. Simonds possesses what might best be called a flowing, stately style. Because of its readableness it is espe-

cially adapted to the nature of his articles, practically all of which deal with national or international topics political or economic in scope.

When one has for years been reading the articles of Mr. Simonds, he comes to be more and more convinced that he is a writer of the highest ability, knowing like a book the psychology of nations and their rulers; in fact, a writer of perfect finish. Above all one is impressed with his fairness, his complete insight into a question, and his almost prescient power to forecast coming events. A man of such wide unbiased opinions, such deep knowledge must be accepted as an authority on international matters.

Mr. Simonds was born in Concord, Massachusetts in 1878. He has a Bachelor of Arts degree from Harvard University and a Litt. D. from Dartmouth College. In 1901 he began as a reporter for the New York Tribune and soon was Washington correspondent for the same. From 1905 to 1906 he was Albany correspondent for the New York Evening Post; then editorial writer for The Sun till 1914 when he became associate editor of the Tribune 1915 to 1916 and since, an editor on The Reviews of Reviews. Honors conferred upon him are the Legion d'Honneur, French; Order of the Holy Redeemer, Greek; and the Star of Roumania.

Mr. Simonds served as a private in the Spanish-American war. He is a member of many clubs, among them being The Century, (New York) and the Metropolitan of Washington. His published works are "They Shall Not Pass" and a "History of the World War." Current articles appearing are on the European situation with regard to every phase of the tangled skeins of world politics, having followed it right up to the present. Political Revolutions at London and Rome, and The Siege of Germany, are the significant titles of the articles

appearing in 1923 February and March magazines. In winter Mr. Simonds is to be found in Washington and in summer, his New Hampshire home is "Blighty" a haven when he returns from wars and foreign parts. He is married.

GEORGE PATTULLO

George Pattullo, a writer of some of the most refreshing and yet intrinsically valuable short stories of the day, was born in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, October 9, 1879. His parents were George Robson and Mary (Rounds) Pattullo. Mr. Pattullo's education was received at Woodstock Collegiate Institute. In 1913, he married Miss Lucile Wilson of Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Pattullo began his career in the newspaper office—that training school of so many noted writers. Before the year 1908, he had been engaged in journalistic work in Montreal, Canada, London, England, and Boston, Massachusetts. In that year, he withdrew from his regular position and began independent writing. His most important productions are "The Untamed" published in 1911 and "The Sheriff of Badger" published in 1912.

Besides writing these two books, Mr. Pattullo has contributed regularly to The Saturday Evening Post, McClure's Magazine, American Magazine, and Popular Magazine. Mr. Pattullo's genuine ability was highly complimented when in 1917 he was chosen as special correspondent for The Saturday Evening Post to serve with the American forces in France. He remained in France two years, 1918-1919, and after the armistice was signed went into Germany with the Army of Occupation, where he remained throughout the year, 1920.

Mr. Pattullo writes most delightfully. His short stories are noted for their refreshing qualities, an uncommon insight into human nature, and an excellent clearness of expression—

all of which place him in the upper circle of American short and light story writers.

Whether his stories will be of permanent interest is a moot question. Certain it is that they furnish a wide interest and constant fascination for millions of our present day readers.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT

Of all the works on an over-crowded market, there is none, perhaps, that stands out so conspicuously for its intrinsic greatness, due to skillful editing, and its general appeal as the Harvard Classics, that Five Foot Shelf of Books which Dr. Charles W. Eliot contributed to modern civilization and posterity. His talent as an author, article writer, and editor, have not been restricted to books, however, for at frequent, almost regular intervals, the work of the president emeritus of Harvard University is found in current magazines. Recent articles of his were America's Duty in the Near East appearing in The World's Work, and Democracy in the United States published in Current History Magazine of the New York Times.

Doctor Eliot has been one of the foremost figures in American education for a great many years. During the larger part of his career as an educator, he was president of Harvard College, retiring in 1909 as president emeritus. He has written widely on educational topics and has exerted a powerful influence in the shaping of the tendencies of American education.

Dr. Eliot was born at Boston, March 20, 1834. He was the son of Samuel Atkins and Mary E. He was fitted for college at Boston, his college career was an extensive one he having received degrees from many institutions. The following are some of the colleges he attended and the degrees obtained; Bachelor of Arts, Harvard, 1853; A. M., 1856; LL. D., Williams and Princeton, 1869; Yale, 1870; Johns Hopkins, 1902,

Tulane, University of Missouri, and Dartmouth, 1909; Ph. D., Breslau, 1911.

He married Ellen Derby Peabody of Boston in 1858. Doctor Eliot became a tutor in mathematics at Harvard and student in chemistry with Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, 1854-58. He studied chemistry and investigated methods in Europe; became professor of analytical chemistry; grand officer of the crown of Italy, 1908; Imperial Order of the Rising Sun (Japan), 1909; President of Social Hygiene, 1915-1920; member General Education Board, 1909-1917, and acquired many other honors. He had delivered many noteworthy addresses on educational and scientific subjects. He is the author of: Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis with Professor Francis H. Slaver; Manual of Inorganic Chemistry (with same) and many other volumes.

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Isaac Frederick Marcosson is one of the best known and most widely read war-correspondents and commentators on world affairs in general today. Mr. Marcosson, son of Louis and Helene Marcosson, and brother of one of the country's best known violinists, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, September 13, 1877, in which city he received his public school education. In 1906, he married Grace Griffeths of the same city.

Mr. Marcosson has had an interesting and successful editorial career. In 1894 he became a member of the Louisville Times staff and five years later he was elevated to the position of city editor. From 1903 to 1907, he was associate editor of The World's Work, and from 1907 to 1910 he was a member of the staff and financial editor of The Saturday Evening Post. From 1909 to 1913, Mr. Marcosson was associate editor of Munsey's Magazine, a position he left only to write independ-

ently. Mr. Marcosson's chief works are: How to Invest Your Savings, 1908: The Autobiography of a Clown, 1910; Leonard Wood, Prophet of Preparedness, 1917; The Rebirth of Russia, 1917; The Business of War, 1917; S. O. S.—America's Miracle in France, 1919; Peace and Business, 1919; Adventures in Interviewing, 1919; An African Adventure, 1921.

Besides this voluminous amount of writing, Mr. Marcosson has found time to contribute regularly to several periodicals. Every one who reads The Post will recall with pleasure his articles on the war, its causes, results, etc. Perhaps no war writer has succeeded so signally in analyzing to the *nth* degree the numerous phases of the war and the condition in which it left the world. Mr. Marcosson's comments on European and Asiatic conditions will certainly live and it is safe to say that future historians will draw on them heavily when they attempt to write histories of our times.

STARK YOUNG

Stark Young, one of the leading literary and dramatic critics of the times, was born in Como, Mississippi, October 11, 1881. His parents were Alfred and Mary (Stark) Young. Mr. Young was graduated from the University of Mississippi, where he made Phi Beta Kappa, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1901. He received his Master of Arts degree at Columbia University in 1902 and from 1904 to 1915 was professor of general literature at Amherst College. From 1915 to 1921 he was professor of English at the University of Texas. In 1915 he left his professorship to become critic for several magazines. His most important works are: The Blind Man at the Window, 1906; Mandretta Addio, 1911; The Twilight Saint, 1911; The Seven Kings and the Wind, 1911; The

Queen of Sheba, 1911; Guenevere, 1906; The Dead Poet, 1911; The Star in the Trees, 1911; Three Plays, 1919.

His books all possess true literary charm, but Mr. Young's chief fame lies in the dramatic and literary criticism which he is now contributing to a host of magazines, the chief ones being The New Republic, The Nation, The Freeman, The North American Review, and The Dial. Mr. Young's criticisms are succinct and reliable, show an unusual degree of erudition, and, at first glance, demonstrate the fact that the writer of them has a close and thorough acquaintance with a number of divisions of the polite art. Mr. Young is one of the chief attractions of the magazine for which he writes and it is not extravagant to predict that his criticisms of books and plays, already a model for aspiring writers, will be lasting.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

P. G. Wodehouse is a writer of short stories and novels, many of which first appear as serials in The Saturday Evening Post. The fact that they do appear there speaks sufficiently strong and clearly for his reputation among contemporary authors. Most of Mr. Wodehouse's scenes are laid either in New York or London; else, in the vicinity of those cities. Usually a bachelor's apartments, a club, a country home appear in his stories as the background for his elaborate, smooth-moving plots. Among these move persons now swiftly, now slowly and placidly, as the genius of the writer directs.

At least one Englishman is certain to show himself in each of Mr. Wodehouse's stories. Usually there are two or more droll younger sons of the nobility, rotund, grave butlers, or equally grave but more ingenious valets. Always there is a girl. She may be American; she may be English. But whether or not American, always she is lovable, leads her suitors a

merry chase and, after the culmination of the stirring events, succumbs sweetly to the arms of the predestined suppliant who not infrequently is not the particular suppliant whom the reader thinks should be the lucky dog.

Mr. Wodehouse owns a pleasing, animated style. There is mirth in his stories, good-natured humor that hurts no one even though his characters quite often do ridiculous things. Undoubtedly he has a natural talent for his profession, for such a spontaneous, rippling flow of words woven into such inimitable plots could hardly be developed even by prolonged labor. It is probably that he travels somewhat, mostly between New York and London. Naturally these would be his favorite haunts. His education is collegiate, enhanced and made to sparkle by later experiences in every-day life.

IRVIN S. COBB

Irvin S. Cobb is so well known to all readers of American magazines that even the most glittering generalities of praise would fall far short, were an attempt be made to laud the author rather than to tell something of the man and his product. Born June 23, 1876, in Paducah, Kentucky, Mr. Cobb now resides elsewhere much of his time, but Kentucky is still Kentucky to him as may be speedily observed from a study of his short stories.

Ostensibly Mr. Cobb is a humorist. His business in life is to make people laugh, to put them in a good humor with themselves and their neighbors, to wipe away with his sponge of wit the feverish sweat of care, care, which he thinks is only too often needless. And he is a humorist! In the language of the street, he "hits on all six cylinders." Because of his hitting, and the reverberations thereof, he is known internationally as a story-teller.

But Mr. Cobb is more than a mere story-teller. He is a wonderful and traveled student of human nature, of mankind as it was nobly manifested in the swiftly disappearing Old South. And it is in this department that he finds his chief claims to lasting renown. No writer has so truly, so deftly, successfully pictured the type of characters that made the South of old — the noble woman, more lustrous because of her womanly weakness, the stately colonel, at once tender and strong, the meek, simple old darky worshipping his "white folks" and ready with the constant faithfulness of a thoroughbred dog to sacrifice his all if his master requires it. These are some of the character types Cobb uses in his stories. Others are the negro "mammy", the dandified, goodhumored black of today, and frequently the young business man of the new and more progressive South.

Mr. Cobb has been awarded honorary Doctor of Laws degrees by the University of Georgia and Dartmouth College. That, however, is not a factor of great importance in his case. His education has been largely practical, most of it acquired since his initiation into newspaperdom as a cub reporter and which included service with the Paducah, Kentucky Daily News and the New Democrat, a Louisville, Kentucky paper, The New York Evening Sun, and The New York World. And incidentally, he is still a newspaper man. During the late war he was a feature story writer correspondent for The Saturday Evening Post. His style is luminous, like steady rays of sunshine falling upon an orchard in full bloom. There is both gaiety and thought — the gaiety of an intimate, voluble companion, the thought of a humorist philosopher. Mr. Cobb married Miss Lawra

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Spencer Baker of Savannah, Georgia in 1900 and his home is in Ossining, New York.

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Kathleen Norris, a foremost magazine writer, was educated by her parents and private teachers and had no intention of becoming an author until, when she was about nineteen years old, her parents lost their fortunes and within a year both her father and her mother died. Mrs. Norris then had to find a position and after working for awhile she saved up enough money to take a short course in English and short-story writing. It was not until she married, however, that she began to write.

Mrs. Norris received many slips of rejection before her stories were finally accepted but she was not discouraged. She brings experience and knowledge, born of suffering and struggle, to her work and she is unusually fitted for writing about human problems in an intelligent and sympathetic way. Her style is so natural and beautiful that her readers cannot help but live in the characters she has created. Especially in her late work of "Ma Callahan stories" does the reader find himself experiencing all the joys and sorrows of Ma Callahan's family.

Mrs. Norris's stories improve with each new copy and she must work and study continually to be able to give her public some new bit of philosophy and interest each time. It is hardly possible to think of Mrs. Norris without seeing a woman of good education, extensive travel, broad, deep sympathies, and fine feelings. Mrs. Norris's characters are selected from everyday people — the multitude — but she always brings to the fore the real mothers, young and old.

This similarity in writing, however, only serves to make her more competent in their portrayal.

Kathleen Norris was born in San Francisco July 16, 1880, the daughter of James Alden and Josephine Thompson. She received the greater part of her education in a private school and from her parents, but later took a special course of a few months at the University of California. She married Charles Gilman Norris of San Francisco, April 30, 1909.

She began writing short stories in 1910 and has contributed to The Atlantic, American, McClure's, Everybody's, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, Saturday Evening Post, Good Housekeeping, Pictorial Review, and other magazines. She is also the author of Mother, The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne, Poor Dear Margaret Kirby, Saturday's Child, The Story of Julia Page, The Heart of Rachael Martie, The Unconquered, Josslyn's Wife, Sisters, and her recent book is The Beloved Woman, which appeared in 1921.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

"The Gentleman from Indiana" as Booth Tarkington is often familiarly called is one of the most truly representative American story writers. He has been called the Dean of American Literature. Spirit of youth, soul of a boy which speaks out from an inner consciousness of knowledge of itself as if it were a boy telling about himself with the mind of a man to interpret him — who is not familiar with Penrod and his chums and associates, Verman, Roddy, and Sam, and Duke, the dog? If Mr. Tarkington had never written anything else but these stories of the typical American small boy, he would still be forever dear to the hearts of

all Americans. But he has written other short stories, as different from these as night is from day.

Delicate, exquisite, a masterpiece in every detail, Monsieur Beaucaire was one of his finest creations. Who would have thought that this piece of art was produced by a Hoosier? It is more like something by one of the old masters. Mr. Tarkington was born in Indiana and went to college at Princeton, where they say he took to everything artistic like a duck does to water. For a while he thought he would be an illustrator, but finally settled down to writing. It was eight years, however, before he gained recognition. He probably meant himself when he speaks of one of his characters — the "Gentleman from Indiana, 'seven years from his commencement sitting on a fence-rail in Indiana.'"

Booth Tarkington is a universal favorite. Literary Digest readers recently voted him the greatest American writer and The New York Times puts him with one of the ten greatest Americans. This man loves boys and dogs; of that one may be certain. It is said he loves Paris and Capri and Chebuliez and Daudet and Balzac. All of which may be true, but he lives and has his being in Indiana. He must love Indiana. He is a hard worker and they say he eats little during working hours. It is told about him that he began short-story telling when he was not old enough to read, inventing stories to tell to his invalid sister. He had two enthusiasms in the early days of his youth. Two Jameses—Jesse James, the bandit and G. P. R. James, the author.

Booth Tarkington was born in Indianapolis July 29, 1869, the son of John S. Tarkington and Elizabeth Booth, and married in 1912. He received his education from Exeter

Academy and Princeton University, and is prominent in the social world as well as in the literary world. He is a member of many well-known clubs, some of which are: National Authors' League, Players, Princeton, New York, University, Columbia, Indianapolis, Cliff Dwellers, Chicago.

Booth Tarkington has also played "politics" for in the year 1903, he was a member of the Indiana Legislature. Some of his publications are The Gentleman from Indiana (1899); Monsieur Beaucaire (1900); The Two Van Revels.

He is one of the modern school of authors who does not write on a typewriter. He prepares all his manuscripts with soft lead pencils—about a dozen of which he has handy when writing—and has his secretary transcribe this script manuscript into typewritten form for his publishers.

Although primarily a novelist, playwright, and short-story writer, articles by Booth Tarkington frequently appear in magazines. A recent one of his, Teach Me My Dog, was carried by the American Magazine.

BRUCE BARTON

Bruce Barton was born in Robbins, Tennessee August 5, 1896. He is a son of Rev. William E. and Esther Treat Barton. In 1907 he graduated from Amherst College with a Bachelor of Arts degree. He immediately set upon his career and choosing journalism as a profession, he accepted a position as managing-editor of the Home Herald in Chicago. This position he held until 1909 when he became managing-editor of the Housekeeper. He was with the Housekeeper until 1912. In 1913 Mr. Barton married Esther M. Randall of Oak Park, Illinois, at the same time accepting a position with P. F. Collier and Son as assistant sales-manager of their periodicals and other publications. He

remained with Collier's until 1914 when he again changed to become editor of Every Week. This magazine he edited until 1918 when he established a business for himself co-operating with Durstine and Osborn, as advertisers, of New York City.

For several years Mr. Barton had been engaged in writing other than his magazine material and in 1912 he published his first book, The Resurrection of a Soul. In 1917 he wrote More Power to You and The Making of George Grotan. In 1919 he completed another book, What Shall It Profit A Man? and in 1920 he wrote, It's A Good Old World. Besides these writings he is a contributor to The American Magazine, Collier's, and many other well-known publications. At present he is president of the advertising firm of Barton, Durstine, and Osborn.

Collier's, of which he was editor, is a weekly magazine which devotes its pages to discussions on problems of industry, politics, and finance, and always publishes one or two short stories and a serial by prominent writers. It contains many special feature articles written by men who know whereof they write and, indeed, almost all of its material is in the nature of feature articles making it difficult to divide into departments or classify its contents.

One department of Collier's is entitled The Live-Letter Office and is a page devoted to the publication of letters from contributors. The magazine also has a department devoted to sports articles and it has its editorial pages with a well expressed cartoon. During the years of the war, Collier's was devoted almost entirely to the publication of war stories, articles, and, in fact, any information concerning the war.

As a whole it is similar to Leslie's, and is freely and interestingly illustrated. Mr. Barton played a conspicuous role in making it the success it is. His common sense editorials, resembling in a way George Matthew Adams' Short Talks, are always well put, clear cut, and drive home to the reader their meaning. Likewise, his interviews with the great, one of whom was H. G. Wells, are fascinatingly readable, holding the attention because of their picturesque description and magnetism of expression.

LYMAN ABBOTT

With such a wealth of material that a life of such long duration in usefulness necessarily accumulates, it is hard to adequately bring out in a few words the significance of the inestimable value to humanity of such a man as Lyman Abbott. Foremost journalist, preacher, teacher, father, friend, his influence was wide as the land in which he was born. His birthplace was Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1835. He was graduated from New York University when he was not quite eighteen receiving the Bachelor of Arts degree there. At the age of twenty-five he was ordained a Congregational minister, and had his first church in Terre Haute, Indiana where he was during the entire period of the war between the states. Later he occupied the famous Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, New York, the pulpit of which had previously been occupied by Henry Ward Beecher.

Doctor Abbott possessed many degrees, some of them being that of Doctor of Divinity Harvard, 1890, and the same from Yale, 1903; LL. D. Western Reserve, 1900; Amherst, 1908 and others. He began his literary work in 1869, serving as the editor of the Literary Record of Harper's

Magazine and Illustrated Christian Weekly, and associate editor with Henry Ward Beecher of the Christian Union. This paper later became known as The Outlook and in 1893, Doctor Abbott became its editor-in-chief holding the post until 1922 when claimed by death. Doctor Abbott's widest sphere of influence was through this magazine. His opinions were of the same fair, and open-minded, and of the highest religious and philosophical nature. He was the magazine's guiding spirit for nearly half a century. Living in an age of unrest and turmoil, what changes of thought and life he witnessed! For nearly fifty years his kindly soul shone like a beacon for all wanderers to follow to a haven of balanced and sensible thought. Hamilton Mabie, an associate editor of The Outlook, called him "the Torch Bearer."

He was always a preacher and teacher never missing an opportunity to speak in public and his greatest delight was to talk to young men and women in schools and colleges. His son says of him that he must have talked to two or three hundred thousand students alone. Doctor Abbott was a prolific author having written a great number of books. These are for the most part of a religious character. Philosophical and humanitarian subjects were also extensively treated by him. He says of himself that he never cared for money but doubts whether he could have been happier had he possessed it in large amount. Neither did he care for power, although he liked to influence and not command.

His goodness was equalled by his wisdom. His secret of happiness was in bridging with the present the forgetfulness of all unpleasantnesses of the past and remembering the pleasant things, and looking always forward in happy

anticipation of the future. Free from sentimentalism and professionalism he was a delightful companion and friend and talker. He was interested in the whole of life from Dumas' Three Musketeers to William James' Varieties of Religious Experiences. Lawrence Abbott, one of his sons, says of him, "If success consists in the accomplishment of one's aim, my father's life was successful." Doctor Abbott's life was so filled with interest that he kept himself youthful. His religion was one of faith, hope, and love — a religion of emancipation and perfect trust. He speaks of himself "as standing, as it were, in the bow of the boat when he shall embark on the Great Adventure filled with awe, but without apprehension, and looking hopefully ahead as he puts out to sea."

The Outlook, of which Doctor Abbott was for forty-six years editor, is owned by The Outlook Company and is published in New York City. Its president is Lawrence Abbott; Vice president, N. T. Pulsifer; Treasurer, Frank C. Hoyt; and Secretary, Ernest H. Abbott.[1] This magazine is largely used in New York schools and elsewhere. It may be found in cultured people's homes and would be well worth being used as a guide by all teachers of history, civics, English, and rhetoric.

FRANK CRANE

Of Dr. Frank Crane, writer of common sense articles for both the press and magazines, Sid says (Sid being the late John M. Siddall, editor of The American Magazine): "He is the doggondest combination I ever saw of the idealist and the practical man. His head is sometimes in the clouds, but his feet are always on the ground."

[1] This staff of 1922.

Doctor Crane was not known outside of a small circle of friends ten years ago when he began writing for one daily paper. Today fifty of the great metropolitan papers publish his daily messages which are read by millions of men and women who are doing the world's work. Many magazines carry his contributions, and he is an editor of a magazine of his own. In a decade he has won a million friends through his helpful philosophy.

Originally pastor of a large church, Doctor Crane decided that through the pulpit it was not possible for him to reach the large audience he would like to, so he turned to the printed columns. Regarding his early experiences in the field of writing he once said: "I tinkered away at writing a good many years but I was past fifty before I attained any degree of success."

Doctor Crane was born in Urbana, Illinois in 1861. He received his education at Illinois Wesleyan University and was ordained to the Methodist Episcopal Ministry in 1882. He preached in Chicago Methodist churches from 1896 until 1902, when he entered the Congregational ministry. From 1904 to 1909 he was pastor of the Union Congregational church of Worcester, Massachusetts. After this he devoted his time to writing articles for newspapers—daily and weekly, and for women's monthlies on subjects of contemporary interest besides publishing in book form, The Religion of Tomorrow, Vision, The Son of The Infinite, Human Confessions, God and The Democracy, Lame and Lovely.

The majority of the common sense editorials that Doctor Crane has written up to recently has been collected in a series of volumes known as "Four Minute Essays, by

Crane." It has been said that Doctor Crane is the man who has put joy in living and this is in a large measure true.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Pre-eminently an author of magazine short stories and novels depicting real American life, Sinclair Lewis holds a position all his own. The many thrilling episodes entering into his life, yet young, are best told by Stuart P. Sherman,[1] who knows him well. He says:

"Nothing could be more typical of mid-western America than the boyhood of Sinclair Lewis, author of Babbitt and Main Street. He was born on February 7, 1885, in Sauk Center, Minnesota, a prairie village of twenty-five hundred people, among the wheat fields, the dairy farms, and little lakes. He is descended from some ten generations of Yankees who, in the Housatonic Valley of Connecticut and about Gloversville, New York, have farmed and inconspicuously kept store ever since the founder, a Welsh miner, ventured to America.

"Lewis's father is a country doctor. His mother was born in London, Ontario, the daughter of a doctor who during the Civil War journeyed South to fight for the Union and who settled afterward on a farm in southern Minnesota. Lewis also has a surgeon brother and a physician uncle, so that the hardship and devotion to duty that make up the life of the country doctor have always been familiar to him. Doc Kennicott in Main Street is taken from his own people. A youngster, driving with his father on country calls, behind 'spanking grays', he was often drafted to assist in surgical operations by giving the anesthetic or sterilizing the implements.

[1] "A Sketch of Sinclair Lewis"—Pamphlet by Stuart P. Sherman, published and copyrighted by Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York.

"His boyhood was of the town and the times; the school of damp-looking yellow brick, with rather wooly portraits of Lowell and Longfellow in the rooms; skating on Sauk Lake, or coasting with a ferocious bob-sled; sawing and splitting popple — not poplar — for the kitchen range; mowing the lawn in summer; hunting for partridges through endless Autumn afternoons; and reading Scott, Dickens, Tennyson, and the masterpieces of Kirk Munroe and Harry Castlemon. Neither in athletics nor in scholarship was the thin, nervous, red-headed boy distinguished; and in this one can draw close parallel between his boyhood and that of the majority of famous writers. In his senior year at high school, he stood fifth in a class of nine; he lost the "oratorical contest"; and he says that the only reason why he ran on a class relay team was that four boys were required for the team — and there were exactly four in the class.

"Indeed, Lewis was chiefly known in the school for what seemed to his neighbors fantastic ideas. He had studied Greek with the Episcopalian parson, and he desired to study French, though in Sauk Center French is known to be valueless and its study tinged with impropriety. He attended the Congregationalist Sunday School, where his unwillingness to accept ready-made opinions, his iconoclasm about accepted dogmas such as Jonah and the Whale, earned him the personal attention of the pastor.

"It was his decision not to go to the University of Minnesota that marked him definitely from the rest of the boys, to whom it was the only reasonable step it was to take in the pursuit of higher education. Lewis had read about life in eastern universities, and talked enthusiastically of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia. The man who collected

for the Harvester company stopped the boy on the street to explain, 'If you go off to one of these eastern colleges, you'll get a lot of expensive tastes and not be able to earn one cent more money.' That expressed in a phrase the judgment of the town.

"But Lewis's father was born in New Haven; he remembered the graces of South Middle; and he consented to Yale. The arrival of this long-legged young man from the Middle West was quite unheralded on Yale's sophisticated campus. But it was a vital step in his development, for while it was true that he did not find himself in sympathy with the mental environment of an eastern college, and was in constant rebellion against its cast-iron formulas, it nevertheless offered an immensely wider scope for his illimitable curiosity and his restless mind. The college soon became aware of him, though no one, it is quite certain, realized that he was to become the most widely known graduate of his generation. He was different; he would not fit into the common mould — and consequently he was regarded with the intangible hostility and the pretense of indifference that are the familiar reactions of the American college boy to the individual who will not conform.

"But he began to write and he became an editor of the venerable Yale literary magazine. His mind was definitely becoming absorbed in the knowledge that he was to become a novelist. The new ideas, people, and situations that were pouring in on him were crystallized into the form of an endless successions of plots. He discovered in short, the fertility of his own mind.

"In three years he felt that he had absorbed all that the college environment could give him. There was a great deal more, without doubt, on the shelves of the University li-

brary, but it was not knowledge in the abstract that he sought. It was life itself. To be brief, he left college at the beginning of his senior year and joined the socialistic and utopian colony, Helicon Hall, which had been founded by Upton Sinclair in New Jersey. And his position in this enterprise was that of janitor, he stoked the furnace and ran the patent washing machine in the kitchen while the community cook, a Master of Arts, baked the vegetarian dinner, and the scullion, a single-tax lawyer, peeled the potatoes.

"When he was not engaged in these humble tasks, he wrote poetry. He was not sufficiently sure of himself as yet, or of the validity of his ideas to attempt fiction. That indeed has been one of Lewis's most marked characteristics. He has never been willing to begin a task until he was certain that it was worth doing and that his mind could trace it to its furtherest limits. He has never written a novel or a short story for which he did not have more than sufficient material; he has never created a character whose entire life, and indeed whose genealogy, was not at his finger tips. The Helicon Hall episode was, for a youngster, an enlivening experience, with Emma Goldman and dubious European barons calling on the same evening. But Lewis felt that his future lay elsewhere than in laundering and moved with a young writer he had met at the colony to a rather dirty tenement in the gas-house district of Manhattan. For several months Lewis made an excessively meager living by writing child verse for household magazines and jokes for Life and Puck. By sudden but strictly temporary good fortune he found a job as assistant editor on Trans-Atlantic Tales, a magazine that has since collapsed. After a few months he resigned to write fiction as a free

lance. He discovered that he was not ready. The ideas were there — they were assuming more and more concrete shapes in his mind — but the compulsion to put them down on paper was still lacking. It was life, rather than writing about life that absorbed him.

"He had, during college vacations, made two trips to England on cattleboats, feeding steers as the freighter rolled in the Banks fog. Now he decided that if for the time being he was improbable as a writer, he would try his hand at adventuring; and he booked passage — steerage — to Panama, to seek a job on the canal. . . . He did not get the job . . . there was a prejudice against lyric-writers at the I. C. C. headquarters at Colon. The executives obviously preferred employees who understood shorthand and could instantly calculate the number of feet in a pile of lumber or do other humdrum things that neither Yale nor Helicon Hall had taught him. Lewis returned to the United States and to Yale. His class had graduated and he took his B. A. with the class of 1908.

"In view of the almost magic quality of Sinclair Lewis's rise to the popular and critical success he has attained — for he is today at the age of 38 one of the major novelists of America — it would be fitting to write that he began to attract the attention of the literary world when he left college. One feels that he should have been ready to present some proof of his genius. Instead he had to find out during the next few years that for the young artist who has not settled down to his craft, the business of making a living is deplorably difficult. And Lewis was not ready yet to settle down to anything; he seemed to have taken only a few steps towards the limitless possibilities for discovery that encircled him. Gifted with an original mind, he was a

man who instinctively saw everything in life from a different angle and in different terms than the vast majority of men. He was like an explorer on the threshold of an unknown continent. And it belonged to the quality of his youth that these differences between himself and other men should at one moment seem to be unbridgeable chasms, and in the next the self-delusions of an egoist. The young man who thinks in new terms must always be assailed with annihilating doubts of the worth of his opinions.

"Lewis solved his problems with courage and with honesty. First, if he was to become a writer he must learn the technique of his craft. He was during the next few years constantly writing and then rejecting his work. If he was to live during this time, he must discipline himself until he could compete efficiently with men who lived for and by their salaries.

"The second conception did not come until later. After decidedly unsuccessful newspaper work in Waterloo, Iowa on The Bulletin, in San Francisco, an editorial position on the Associated Press, and as an editor of a magazine for the deaf, published in Washington, he decided that he was not qualified as a journalist. He had, in the meantime, as a result of the surprising acceptance of a short story by the Red Book, tried free-lancing once more. Friends whom he had met at Helicon Hall wrote to him of the charms of Carmel, California, and he went West (by day coach all the way, with lunches in paper boxes) to be literary among the mountains and abalones. With William Rose Benet, the poet, he lived for six months (on a borrowed hundred dollars) in a portable bungalow. Theirs was the Bohemian life; they cooked, they picnicked among the dunes, they wrote masterpieces at midnight. There was but one flaw,

Lewis could not sell a word he wrote, and the adjectival passion grows cold at the approach of hunger. In six months, after submitting to the magazines dozens of short stories, metaphysical sonnets, aphorisms, and four-page poems about Sir Lancelot, he sold one thing, a joke — to Judge.

"Apparently, at his chosen profession he was a rank failure. Actually, although he was too bitterly engaged with his own reverses to realize it, he was on the high road to success. He was learning his trade, discovering that to be a creative writer one cannot sit down in a fine frenzy and bring immortal things to fruition. The thought of abandoning his chosen career forever never occurred to him, but he determined that if he could not be a success in one way he would in another. He did not spend any time in blaming the world and its editors for their failure to recognize a genius in his manuscripts. From his desk on the Volta Review, the magazine for the deaf, he planned a stop-gap career as editor of an all-fiction magazine, and came to New York in late 1910 to do editorial work for Stokes at a salary of twelve and a half dollars a week.

"Here he stayed for two years. Then, in turn, he became assistant editor of Adventure, editor of the Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate, which prepared a book-review page for eight various newspapers, and at last editor and advertising manager for George H. Doran Company. And it is to be noted that he was successful and hard-working at these tasks. He spent eight hours a day at what is in reality a mentally fatiguing occupation. The wild, impetuous youth who had gone to Helicon Hall had disciplined himself into a capable worker. It was at this time that the dynamic quality of his intellect became most apparent to

those who knew him. He was accomplishing the extremely difficult feat of working all day and writing a novel most of the night. This novel was Our Mr. Wrenn, his first. It was accepted and published by Harper Brothers in 1914.

"Lewis saw that a comfortable living was assured him as long as it should be necessary for him to work at a salary, and that if his novel succeeded and he could endure the strain of writing another under the same conditions, the end of his interminable bondage was in sight. For the first time in his life his future seemed a smooth path. Then came his marriage to Grace Livingston Hegger in April of 1916 and a year and a half of suburban commuting to his office in New York. Hundreds of people on those packed Long Island trains must have commented on the red-headed, lean man who wrote feverishly on a large sheaf of scratch paper morning and evening uninterrupted by the jolting of the train. He was working on another novel, and he seized on those fifty minutes between town and city, which were to his neighbors a period of almost intolerable boredom, as a heaven sent opportunity.

"Our Mr. Wrenn was the chronicle of a meek New York clerk who went wandering on cattle-boats. The new novel, The Trail of the Hawk, published in 1915, was a still more ambitious concept — a story of marriage and of an aviator who was treated realistically rather than as a knightly hero. It is perhaps the only good novel that has been principally written on a commuter's train. One has to consider the energy and determination which made this possible for a man who never caught his morning train without running for it, and whose day in the city was filled with work and with a strenuous extension of the friendships he was rapidly acquiring. A great many people were becoming aware that

this young editor was 'different,' that it might be worth while to keep a speculative eye on him.

"In the summer of 1915, when Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were on a vacation, walking the length of Cape Cod, he had what seemed an amusing idea for a short story. Quite without expectation of it being accepted, he sent it to The Saturday Evening Post. It was taken, with an encouraging letter from George Horace Lorimer. In three months, the magazine had taken three more stories, and in December, 1915, Lewis again resigned, again tried free-lancing.

"But there was a world of difference between his previous attempts at freedom and the reasonable probability now that he would never have to return to an office. There was nothing hare-brained or insecure about his projects for the future. His mind was filled with so many outlines for novels and short stories that he was aware that if by some miracle his inspiration ceased, he could not write half of them. And he was also aware that as a writer he had an extraordinary and unusual gift — that he had what almost amounted to a double personality. He could write short stories of the most popular variety with facile ease; and at the same time his conception of the novel as a complex art that needed all of his abilities remained clear and unsullied. It is probable, indeed, that if his absorbing passion had not been for the novel, Sinclair Lewis would have become one of the foremost short story writers of this country. To repeat, it was not the fact that he could write both novels and short stories that was remarkable but that they remained so clearly separated in his mind. His short stories, of which he wrote a great many at constantly increasing prices for the next four years, were simply, for

him, a more agreeable and profitable means of earning a living than he had encountered before.

"In 1919 a successful serial appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, Free Air — an adventurous interlude with a garageman hero — which Harcourt, Brace and Company issued as one of their first books when they began publishing. Before this, Lewis had written his third novel, The Job, a serious study of business women in New York.

"Meantime the Lewises wandered continually — from New York to Florida and Georgia for the winter; up to Minnesota; then, in a 'flivver', a drive from Minnesota to Seattle, and Seattle to San Francisco. They returned to New York, where, Wells, their only child, was born in 1917; but they set out again, and spent a winter in St. Paul, a summer on Cape Cod, winter in Minneapolis, a summer in a small Minnesota town and a drive to Washington, D. C., via Tennessee, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. For two winters they were residents of Washington, where Main Street was written.

"Main Street, which brought Sinclair Lewis's name before the American public with startling brilliance, suddenly altered his conception of the possibilities that were opening before him. This is not the place for a critical estimate of that extraordinary novel; it is sufficient to give some idea of its genesis and of its effect on him as a writer.

"The conception of the novel itself had been in Lewis's mind for a long time. Fifteen years before its publication, during a college vacation, he had sketched a rough outline of it in which its main feature was Guy Pollock, the small town lawyer, and he had intended to call it 'The Village Virus.' During the intervening years he had started to write this novel three times, on the last occasion completing

some thirty thousand words. But though he had abandoned the attempt each time, he had kept it definitely in the background of his mind, adding to it and revising it from time to time as his knowledge and experience of life grew. To him it had become one of the many novels that he must write some day when he felt equal to the task. Perhaps only a writer will understand that the concept for a novel can lie dormant for years, and yet even while he is unremittingly engaged in other work, it seems to expand of its own accord, as if the very concept of it were endowed with vitality and life. Always it was planned as a non-commercial book which could by no miracle sell more than five or six thousand copies. After a year of work, during which Lewis abandoned his lucrative short stories and even plunged mildly into debt, he completed Main Street in the summer of 1920, and it was published in October.

"In two months, by Christmas, 1920, Main Street had sold 56,000 copies. By the end of 1922 it had reached the immense sale of 390,000 copies. It had been translated or was being translated into German, Dutch, Swedish, and French. Literally the public and the critics had been taken by storm. In this one book Lewis had attained the success and popular fame that he had imagined in optimistic moments as the result of almost a lifetime of constant labor. It did not alter his attitude toward himself or toward other people, nor did it 'go to his head'; but it vitally changed his problem as a young novelist, for his future was no longer a question of steady writing and slowly growing recognition, but of continuing to live on the heights to which he had attained. It was the difference between a slow conquest and a brilliant, dashing victory. To satisfy himself as an artist he must continue to satisfy the immense

audience that he had captured; consolidate the ground that he had won, and at the same time climb still higher. The young writer faced with so formidable a task may well feel faint-hearted at the beginning of any new work, for he cannot allow himself the ease of uninspired pages. His typewriter becomes a relentless enemy conspiring for his failure, since the only other alternative he can conceive is something approaching immortality. With one book to be entitled 'the most important novelist in America', even if one doubts its wisdom, is to assume an almost intolerable burden of suspense. But if Main Street brought the difficulties that go with celebrity, it also liberated him to write only what he wished. It was the final emancipation of the artist from the necessity of earning his living at uncongenial tasks. He had given up first the office and now the short story as a means of a livelihood. He was free.

"Everyone recalls the controversy that raged in the press over Main Street, the endless editorials, the exalted praise, and the bitter condemnation. Lewis's answer to the critics that called it a tour de force, a freak of popularity on the part of a whimsical public, was Babbitt, which was written for the most part abroad, in an effort to escape the hunters of literary lions who tracked him about America, for while it gave to life the excitement of an endless pursuit, it robbed him of his time and tranquillity.

"It is too early as yet to know whether Babbitt will equal the sale of Main Street, nor is it a matter of paramount importance to the author. But certainly no novel of our day has met with such critical approval. A list of authors and critics who have called it 'a masterpiece', 'the greatest novel of a generation', 'even better than Main Street', etc., would embrace the literary aristocracy of this

country and of England. The staid English reviews have paid it the compliment of devoting their first pages to it, and, as an English critic has said, 'no English novel of recent times has received so much attention or such praise'. For the first time in a generation an American novel is the 'best-seller' in England, as, indeed, it is in America. That nightmare of the novelist, the book that follows a brilliant success has been successfully dealt with and vanquished. It is not an exaggeration to state that on his future work depends to a considerable degree the form that the newer American literature will take. He is one of the vital symptoms that the long decline toward stagnation and toward the sterility of American genius has reached its end. He has definitely broken the tradition of sentimentality which has so long held the larger public of fiction readers under its destructive and cloying influence. He is the first of our new writers to appeal to the intellectuals and at the same time to the audience that can be numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

"For those readers who are interested in the physical appearance of an author we have asked Lewis to append a brief sketch of himself. It goes without saying that it must be taken with a grain of salt, for it is something which only a supreme egoist could approach seriously. 'In person, Lewis is tall, thin, somewhat awkward, with rusty red hair growing sparse. His favorite sports are talking. He plays neither golf nor tennis; his riding is as bad as his swimming and almost as bad as his dancing. He is anti-prohibition, and in politics a rather nebulous radical. He smokes Fatimas — constantly. What earnest readers call his "method of writing" is as follows: He arises between seven and eleven, and somewhat later begins to typewrite, inflexibly

stopping between eleven A. M. and eleven P. M. He rewrites everything many times and with a meticulousness not to be expected from one of his flippant activity. He has only one illusion; that he is not a journalist and "photographic realist" but a stylist whose chief concerns in writing are warmth and lucidity.'"

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And so the reading of these few glimpses of representative men and women in the world of letters shows that they are altogether human, in many ways much like other mortals. They have had their struggles and hardships, spurts of luck and periods of depression, happy moments and hours of gloom. In one way, however, they rise above the masses; they are a class endowed with a determined will, keen imagination, and high education — be that from a university or from the bitter experience of life's battles. And further than this, the greatest have a thorough understanding and sympathy with the people in general, which, after all, means they know their reading constituency.

CHAPTER VII

The Future of the Magazine

BEFORE attempting to forecast what will be the future of the magazine, it is essential to enumerate some of the chief factors that may shape its subsequent growth and, in the light of its history, to determine the probable effects of those influences. Briefly, the magazine today is an institution that has developed steadily from the first rude and vaguely-defined attempts in the seventeenth century of Addison and Steele, through the gradually more specialized types of the political and literary review, and up to its present position as a strong influence in twentieth century life. This influence the magazine exerts in two directions: first, upon the intellectual life of civilized people as a source of information; and second, upon the instinctive, the emotional, and the aesthetic natures of a man as a means of entertainment.

Of the fifteen hundred publications in America that are classed as magazines, ninety per cent or more are devoted to the trades and professions and have no particular interest for the general reader. The majority of the rest are valueless from the standpoint either of literature or of fact. A few have attained nation-wide renown for their informative and entertaining value. These are the important facts concerning the magazine of today: what will be the future of the magazine—that is, what tendencies may be expected in the magazine and from what factors will they originate?

Partial answers to these questions are fairly obvious and may be offered tentatively. For example, it needs no lengthy

argument to show that the trade and professional magazines will continue to function much as they do at present, so necessary is it that a ready source of information for workers in a special field be available. The religious periodical, too, will remain a power in the civilized world, though like the trade journal, it will inevitably reflect the development that is sure to take place in the religious field. So, too, of such publications as Poetry, The Actor's Magazine, and others concerned solely with the arts.

But what of the Literary Digest, The Atlantic Monthly, The Saturday Evening Post, magazines whose audience is not confined to the narrow sphere of an art, trade, or profession, but whose appeal is nation-wide, affording as they do, information and entertainment not alone to the artist or the dentist but to every type of the modern thinking man or woman? Will they succumb or survive? If they succumb, what will be the causes? And if they survive, will their scope always remain the same or will it alter with the passing years? Here it becomes necessary to call upon those factors mentioned above; for, in view of the remarkably frequent changes during the last century in the intellectual structure of society, it is at once clear that no spontaneous opinion is valid. And even the most enlightened opinion is likely to be wrong. Modern prophecies have a disconcerting habit of coming out otherwise, thus provoking much chagrin to the prophet.

Several factors of varying importance seem likely to affect the future of the magazine. They are: first, changes in population; second, changes in methods of communication; third, changes in methods of distribution; fourth, changes in printing; fifth, changes in industrial life; sixth, changes in educational standards. Of these factors, none seems of such a nature as to cause the final death of the magazine as an insti-

tution. Only some unforeseen development of science as, for instance, a device enabling the thoughts of the author to be at once present to his clientele through a process of mental telepathy can be conceived as powerful enough to take the place of the modern periodical. Since the unlikely, however, is not the province of this discussion, all such speculation may be dismissed in the belief that the magazine will continue to exist.

Changes of population, as affecting the future of the magazine, must be considered in relation to present circumstance. Formerly vast movements of people oftentimes occasioned correspondingly great modifications in the social lives of those concerned. Frequently abandoning the old, the invader gained new and strange ideas from the invaded or else, moving into uninhabited territory, developed a system in many respects different from the preceding one. Institutions, as such, were scarce and those that had arisen were still rudimentary. Priestcraft, government, and superstition bounded the social horizon of the ancient. But today society is a complex thing. Numerous institutions have grown up, all of which are essential to the fabric of society in the civilized world. Common to all the western nations, and ingrained by the course of centuries, they afford to erudite peoples similar means of expression, similar outlets for activities in the political, social, and intellectual spheres. A traveler in foreign countries finds on every hand things with which he is familiar. Being familiar with them, adaptation is easy. Hence it is that changes in population, even on so large a scale as recent immigration to America, do not greatly disturb existing institutions.

Most of the newcomers to the United States are either readily assimilable or of such a character as to fall gradually into line with American customs and habits of thought. Since immigration laws are designed to preserve this desirable state

of affairs, no sharp cleavages between races may be expected other than present ones. Therefore, the magazine, in relation to population, may be considered as likely to continue functioning along such lines—much the same—as at present, eddies in the flow of language and of people having but a temporary effect.

Changes in methods of distribution as a factor influencing the future of the magazine do not offer any great difficulty. Such changes as may come are likely to be for the purpose of speeding up distribution from publisher to reader, a field offering gradual development but not startling possibilities. The magazine, however, should acquire one characteristic of th daily newspaper: a relative time-lines in the presentation of its subject matter. This, of course, applies only to the weekl informative periodical, a type that with more efficient methods of distribution might logically be issued bi-weekly.

As for changes in printing, much the same can be said a in the foregoing paragraph. Printing has become a well-defined art. It is the prime essential of modern life, and so long as the faculties of man remain as now constituted it is inconceivable that it should be otherwise. Further developments there will be—developments that may profoundly influence printing within itself; nevertheless, until society has learned to dispense with printing, magazines will be published and people will read them. No swift mutation, therefore, may be looked for in the periodical because of changes in this art.

True, with improved methods and lower cost of printing, benefits are certain to come and the price to the reader, may be reduced. Possibly, too, improved methods will serve for a time to flood the reading public with spasmodic tides of cheap fiction. The natural tendency, however, in view of other factors, will be to concentrate production within a few great

publishing houses, each vying with the other in the ev
f a literary and widely-informative type of magazine.

Rapid communication is a salient feature of present
fe. The telegraph, the telephone, and now the radio, all c
ng within the memory of living men, have made speedy co
munication between peoples or within the borders of the natio
a mere commonplace, a something not even to be wondered at
by the most ignorant. Nothing short of a catastrophe can pre-
ent further improvement in this field. And, as with print-
ng, improvement will mean a lowering of cost to the reader.
ith lowered cost will come also a greater timeliness in the
ormative magazine and, also, more accuracy of statement.

But as for radio or future development supplanting the
agazine, that is unthinkable. Until people abandon the habit
reading and the desire to be instructed and amused—until
magical wand of science brings forth some process which
ll impress in invisible but undeniable characters the thoughts
of others on the atmosphere, omnipresent for the instant ser-
vice of men—words will be printed on material substance and
se words will compose a magazine. Changes of methods of
nter-communication, then, may alter even largely the form
and function of the magazine; they cannot abolish it.

And now will be considered a factor which probably is
to have more immediate and remote influence on the future
of the magazine as an institution, and on the content of the
various types of magazines, than all four of the factors pre-
viously discussed.

Changes in industrial life, during the last hundred and
fifty years, have been on a stupendous scale. From a rude and
uncouth state, a condition in which the home was the narrow
circle of all activity and in which industry as such was confined
to the production of the bare essentials of existence, the indus-

ctivities of peoples have expanded into a gigantic, laby-ine system of huge undertakings, involving in its rami-ions every person and every effort of that person's life. reover, whether he likes it or not, man has become de-ndent upon the creatures of his intellect, the machines that have made possible so swift and remarkable a revolution. In many respects he has become their slave. And great as has been the change, even greater changes are in store for the future. The world has really just begun to think, to realize the possibilities for development that await but the enlightened mind of man. What part in the development will the magazine play?

It is not the author's purpose to discuss economic and political trends of thought. Yet it is manifest that the industrial revolution, really just begun, will continue to bring problems of mighty consequence to men and nations. Each period of the future will have its nuts to crack, its economic and political puzzles, its conflicts of opinion on vital subjects. Someone must solve them. And some institution must be available whereby opposing ideas may come together and marshal their hitherto armed and embattled forces into peaceful arguments.

What institution is more adapted to this end than the magazine? Growing up with the industrial revolution, it has functioned largely throughout the past in this capacity, often by the medium of publicity serving to pour much oil on the troubled waters of industrial strife. This function it will continue to perform, even more largely in the days to come. For with the increase in number of pressing problems, the informative periodical will be forced by the very nature of its purpose to devote more and more space to their discussion.

More than this, changes in industrial life may be expected to have other effects on the magazine, effects, however, con-

fined chiefly to trade and professional publications. These, probably, will become even more numerous than at present, more specialized in their content. Their general development will be in strict harmony with the needs of the clientele they serve. If industrial changes are to mould so greatly the future of the magazine, no less can be said of changes in educational standards. This latter term covers a multitude of sins. It is vague, and by no means is intended merely to imply a raising or lowering of specific scholastic requirements in schools and colleges. Rather by it is implied the idea of a national standard of education, a standard which if followed will thoroughly prepare the student, not only to meet his special problems of everyday life but also to value literature, the arts, and all of those high achievements which issue from the intellectual and spiritual natures of man.

In the course of time, such a standard of education will evolve. Nor will it be confined to the chosen few. Each child that comes upon the stage of human existence will come endowed at birth with the inalienable right to education, to the cultivation of mind, soul, and body that alone can raise human clay from the level of brutehood to the divine heights of Godhood.

This evolution in education will, of course, be gradual, no more swift or slow than corresponding changes in other fields that also are to affect the magazine. But its certainty of coming, no optimistic mind can deny. Even now it is under way. To what degree will it affect the magazine? One sure effect will be the elimination of the many cheap periodicals whose sole appeal is to the distorted emotions and instincts of superficial people. Educated souls do not need the vitiating stimuli of literary poisons. Trained to think, and to think clearly, they can dispense with the gaudy substitutes of petty panderers to

disordered souls. Rather, their tastes are so developed that no longer are they pleased with the cheap and the commonplace. All ideas are estimated at their true value, and only the worthwhile ones have weight.

With the elimination of cheap periodicals will come also a steady change in the function of the magazine as an institution. Those publications that continue, remaining as before the vehicle for the expression of ideas and the instruction of man, will adapt themselves to the higher standards of the future age Nor does this necessarily bespeak a predominant realism in the entertaining magazine of tomorrow. Man has a soul as well as a mind, an aesthetic nature as well as an intellectual one. So long as he is man, he will continue to be thus constructed. Hence idealism in literature will always be present to some degree, waxing and waning, as the history of literature shows, in periodic cycles in the wake of its opposite-realism.

One other effect wider and better education is likely to have. Both informative and entertaining types of magazines, responding to a universal demand for high class material, will find their subscription lists multiplied again and again and even so will no more than meet the legitimate needs of an erudite people.

After reviewing the preceding statements, all of which seem valid, one comes to the conclusion that no one factor or combination of factors is prophetic of great and swift mutations for the future of the magazine as an institution. Furthermore the experience of centuries and the weight of common sense both deny the possibilities of uncaused or instantaneous changes. Evolution does not work that way. Nevertheless, growth of the magazine and with growth, adaptation, are certain to come. What specific forms adaptation will take can hardly be more than indicated as above. It may be sure that some graybeard ages

hence, coming by chance upon a dusty, timeworn relic of the twentieth century, will reflect with wonder on the simplicity and rudeness of our day, much as we, comparing our numerous periodicals with the meagre beginnings of an earlier age, contemplate with pleasure the achievements of our era.

To say whether short stories or articles possess more lasting qualities approaches the impossible. There are countless and substantial arguments on both sides, but to weigh them and decide on their relative merits as a whole is indeed difficult. The short story is a comparatively recent thing; Edgar Allan Poe, one of America's most brilliant writers, is given the credit for its introduction. Since Poe's day—not a century ago—the short story has made incredible steps forward. Today, it is safe to say, the greater part of literature before the reading public consists of short stories. In book form and in magazine form they make an entertaining, yet time saving pastime for millions of people. Their topics are not restricted. The field is rapidly widening and a person may choose his own course in reading them. The article is much older than the short story. Viewing it from a broad standpoint, Addison and Steele may be said to have introduced this type of literature. The Spectator, published jointly by them, marks the article's introduction. This type has also made wonderful progress, but when compared to the singular rise of the short story within such a short while, its strides assume shorter lengths.

This is easily accounted for, however, the great majority of people read solely for momentary pleasure. They, of course, turn to the short story in preference to the article which usually deals with more sober subjects. In other words, people are actually too lazy. They want knowledge and wisdom, but shun the distasteful task of wading through writings that on the

surface seem dull and boring. This accounts for the strange and phenomenal rise of the short story.

It cannot be agreed, however, that either class is here to stay. Two hundred years have demonstrated the permanency of the article and one hundred years plus its wide popularity has proven the success of the short story. Both will live. Classics have been produced in each type. Among noted articles are the series of brilliant essays and reviews written by Macaulay in the London and Edinburgh newspapers and magazines. These articles show the vast possibilities that this type possesses. In our own times—recently indeed—such worth-while articles as the Letters of Walter Hines Page and Franklin K. Lane, Edgar M. House's exposures of the Paris Peace Conference, etc., have appeared. All those are decidedly intrinsic in value.

On the other hand, we have Poe's, Maupassant's, France's, Tolstoi's short stories, and countless others of just as equal note. It seems, then, that the short story will occupy a more exalted position in literature. It is more entertaining to the masses, offers more room for real literary creations and unbridled expressions, is, nine times out of ten, more forceful, and is certainly more entertaining. Even though the youth of the short story is considered, place side by side the greatest short stories and the greatest articles, and the short story side will undoubtedly be the largest.

CHAPTER VIII

The Magazine Writer and His Problems

UNDOUBTEDLY there are many talented writers who have failed to acquire that success to which they were justly entitled because they were not informed about the ways and methods in which magazine articles and short stories are carried safely past the editor's desk once they have been written. Many, no doubt, have been just on the verge of success, but because of the consistency with which their work was returned to them with the usual slip thanking them for the "courtesy of allowing us to read your work," they have abandoned their writing, only to miss that success which would have been theirs if they had persevered a little longer. It has been said that the great majority of ambitious people fail to reach the goal they have set because they become discouraged and give up when ninety-five per cent of the race has been won and only a remaining five per cent remains to be run. Surely this is very applicable to the would-be magazine writer.

To the average beginner there is a kind of mystery attached to the editorial office of the great magazine; he has a vague idea about it and its methods, but because his ideas are so vague, he oftentimes miscalculates the needs of the particular magazine and naturally the "unavailable" work sent to this office is returned. It would be well if every person who has any ambition to write for magazines would study the field, learn the nature of the content of each periodical, the style of its stories and articles, and then

when he is ready to market a completed manuscript, he will be better prepared to submit it to the right publishers.

Although it may seem a little elementary, because of the general ignorance of the routine followed in magazine editorial rooms, it might be well here to briefly say something about the methods that are followed in most offices. When a manuscript is received, it is generally handed to a reader who glances at it, immediately determining whether it is adapted to the needs of the magazine. If it is instantly obvious that it cannot have a place in that periodical, it is returned; however, if it promises to be something worthwhile — something that the publication may be able to use in its pages, the reader proceeds to read it and when the task is completed, the manuscript in connection with a report is passed on to another reader. In many offices a manuscript goes through the hands of several readers; in others not so many. If it is the belief of the readers of the manuscript that it is not available it is returned to the writer with a note stating such, provided he has sent the necessary postage. If, on the other hand, the readers have made favorable reports with reference to the manuscript, it travels on to the editor's desk, who determines whether it is to enter the pages of the magazine.

Reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the most reputable magazines accept all their work on the basis of true-worth merit of the article itself. Some writers have the idea that there is some mystic way to "get in" with editors; some think a letter of introduction either written personally or by another will do the work; others resort to the personal visit to the editor, which in many cases proves most detrimental both to the work and the author's stand-

ing with the editor; yet others have the mistaken idea that a name counts most.

With reference to the letter of introduction, when written properly, this can do the writer no harm, yet it is a very rare thing for such a letter to aid his work in getting published if the work itself lacks merit. Many of the foremost authors and article writers simply write their names and addresses in the upper left hand corners of the first sheets of their manuscripts, and many editors suggest that this is all that is necessary for the unheard of writer. It is the article itself that will determine whether it will go into the printed page. If it possesses the necessary ingredients, it will; if it doesn't, with the right kind of editors, and most of them are the right kind, all the letters of introduction in the world would have no effect.

One of the chief objections to the personal visit and interview with the editor is that the editor is a busy man, and naturally, being such, he hasn't time to see and talk to all the ambitious writers who might want to make demands on his time. It seems that the many who would be authors and writers in seeking the visit with the editor must forget that the readers are the ones to whom their manuscript will go first, or else they would not be so anxious to talk to the chief of the sanctum sanctorum.

Even after one has managed to get some of his work accepted by a periodical it is not too late for the personal interview with the editor to prove an unfortunate blunder. A story illustrating this has been told by the authors of "The Business of Writing";

"A magazine editor known to everybody has been receiving through the mail a succession of highly impassioned poems. Flaming they were — stunning, in their way. He

used them and wanted more. He felt that he must see the author so he asked her if she would not call. When, at the hour of the appointment, she was announced, he rather nervously adjusted his tie, straightened the body of his coat. Considerably, he was keyed up. Then, was ushered in a little anaemic creature of an age sufficient to be his aunt. He lost his taste for the lady's poems. The story maybe is a fable."

Of all the mistaken ideas held by the beginner in the business of writing is the one that a name counts for so much in getting manuscripts accepted. It is true that after a writer has once acquired fame, his work is sought after by the editors and reading public alike; but is it the name in this case, or the high quality of work that the name stands for that is being sought? Obviously the latter. One of the great American editors who did more, perhaps, than any other to correct this very badly mistaken idea was Edward Bok, until recently editor of The Ladies' Home Journal. In almost every issue of his magazine, there appeared an article addressed to the literary novice in which he tried to impress on his readers that there were no such things as "back stairs" to editorial offices and that there was nothing in "knowing the editor." In an attempt to clarify this whole misconception, Mr. Bok once wrote:[1]

"In the minds of these misinformed writers, these 'back stairs' are gained by 'knowing the editor' or through 'having some influence with him.' These writers have conclusively settled two points in their own minds: first, that an editor is antagonistic to the struggling writer; and, second, that a manuscript sent in the ordinary manner to an editor never

[1]Excerpt from "Americanization of Edward Bok" copyrighted, New York: Scribner's.

reaches him. Hence, some 'influence' is necessary, and they set about to secure it.

"Now, the truth is, of course, that there are no 'literary back-stairs' to the editorial office of the modern magazine. There cannot be. The making of the modern magazine is a business proposition; the editor is there to make it pay. He can do this only if he is of service to his readers, and that depends on his ability to obtain a class of material essentially the best of its kind and varied in its character.

"The 'best', while it means good writing, means also that it should say something. The most desired writer in the magazine office is the one who has something to say, and knows how to say it. Variety requires that there shall be many of these writers, and it is the editor's business to ferret them out. It stands to reason, therefore, that there can be no such thing as a 'clique'; limitation by the editor of his list of authors would mean being limited to the style of the few and the thoughts of a handful. And with a public that easily tires even of the best where it continually comes from one source, such an editorial policy would be suicidal.

"Hence, if the editor is more keenly alert for one thing than for another, it is for the new writer. The frequency of the new note in his magazine is his salvation; for just in proportion as he can introduce that new note is his success with his readers. A succesful magazine is just like a successful store: it must keep its wares constantly fresh and varied to attract the eye and hold the patronage of its customers.

"With an editor ever alive to the new message, the new note, the fresh way of saying a thing, the new angle on a current subject, whether an article or story — since fiction

is really today only a reflection of modern thought — the foolish notion that an editor must be approached through 'influence', by a letter of introduction from some friend or other author, falls of itself. There is no more powerful lever to open the modern magazine door than a postage-stamp on an envelope containing a manuscript that says something. No influence is needed to bring that manuscript to the editor's desk or to his attention. That he will receive it the sender need not for a moment doubt; his mail is too closely scanned for that very envelope.

"The most successful authors have 'broken into' the magazines very often without even a letter accompanying their manuscripts. The name and address in the right-hand corner of the first page; some 'return' stamps in the left corner, and all that the editor requires is there. The author need tell nothing about the manuscript; if what the editor wants is in it he will find it. An editor can stand a tremendous amount of letting alone. If young authors could be made to realize how simple is the process of 'breaking into' the modern magazine, which apparently gives them such needless heartburn, they would save themselves infinite pains, time, and worry.

"Despite all the rubbish written to the contrary, manuscripts sent to the magazines of today are, in every case, read, and frequently more carefully read than the author imagines. Editors know that, from the standpoint of good business alone, it is unwise to return a manuscript unread. Literary talent has been found in many instances where it was least expected.

"This does not mean that every manuscript received by a magazine is read from the first page to last. There is no reason why it should be, any more than that all of a bad

egg should be eaten to prove that it is bad. The title alone sometimes decides the fate of a manuscript. If the subject discussed is entirely foreign to the aims of the magazine, it is simply a case of misapplication on the author's part; and it would be a waste of time for the editor to read something which he knows from its subject he cannot use.

"This, of course, applies more to articles than to other forms of literary work, although unsuitability in a poem is naturally as quickly detected. Stories, no matter how unpromising they may appear at the beginning, are generally read through, since gold in a piece of fiction has often been found almost at the close. This careful attention to manuscripts in editorial offices is fixed by rules, and an author's indorsement or a friend's judgment never affects the custom.

"At no time does the fallacy hold in a magazine office that a 'big name counts for everything and an unknown name for nothing.' There can be no denial of the fact that where a name of repute is attached to a meritorious story or article the combination is ideal. But as between an indifferent story and a well-known name and a good story with an unknown name the editor may be depended upon to accept the latter. Editors are very careful nowadays to avoid the public impatience that invariably follows upon publishing material simply on account of the name attached to it. Nothing so quickly injures the reputation of a magazine in the estimation of its readers. If a person, taking up a magazine, reads a story attracted by a famous name, and the story disappoints, the editor has a doubly disappointed reader on his hands: a reader whose high expectations from the name have not been realized and who is disappointed with the story.

"It is a well-known fact among successful magazine editors that their most striking successes have been made by material to which unknown names were attached, where the material was fresh, the approach new, the note different. That is what builds up a magazine; the reader learns to have confidence in what he finds in the periodical, whether it bears a famous name or not.

"Nor must the young writer believe that the best work in modern magazine literature 'is dashed off at white heat.' What is dashed off reads dashed off, and one does not come across it in the well edited magazine, because it is never accepted. Good writing is laborious writing, the result of a revision upon revision. The work of masters such as Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling represents never less than eight or ten revisions, and often a far greater number. It was Stevenson who once said to me, after a laborious correction of certain proofs: 'My boy, I could be a healthy man, I think, if I did something else than writing. But to write, as I try to write, takes every ounce of my vitality.' Just as the best 'impromptu' speeches are those most carefully prepared, so do the simplest articles and stories represent the hardest kind of work; the simpler the method seems and the easier the article reads, the harder, it is safe to say, was the work put into it.

"But the author must also know when to let his material alone. In his excessive regard for style even so great a master as Robert Louis Stevenson robbed his work of much of the spontaneity and natural charm found, for example, in his Vailima Letters. The main thing is for a writer to say what he has to say in the best way, natural to himself, in which he can say it, and then let it alone—always remembering that, provided he has made himself clear, the

message itself is of greater import than the manner in which it is said. Up to a certain point only is a piece of literary work an artistic endeavor. A readable, lucid style is far preferable to what is called a 'literary style'—a foolish phrase, since it often means nothing except a complicated method of expression which confuses rather than clarifies thought. What the public wants in its literature is human nature, and that human nature simply and forcibly expressed. This is fundamental, and this is why true literature has no fashion and knows no change, despite the cries of the modern weaklings who affect weird forms. The clarity of Shakespeare is the clarity of today and will be that of tomorrow."

Edgar Guest, who is a recognized writer of exceptional ability, has had it very forcibly brought home to him that it is the work and its true merit that the editor wants, and not a name. He tells a couple of tales, one in regard to a newspaper experience and the other with a magazine, that illustrate the point well. He says:[1]

"It came to me first when I was a young reporter on the Detroit Free Press. A chance meeting with a friendly detective gave me an exclusive story. It was the first 'big scoop' I ever turned in. It tickled me and it pleased my city editor.

" 'That was a great story you gave us yesterday,' he said when I reported for duty the next day. 'Fine work, Eddie. Keep it up.'

"That little phrase 'keep it up' didn't mean so much to me then, but I was later to learn that it was really the first and most important rule of the game.

[1]From an article by Mr. Guest appearing in The American Magazine, copyrighted 1922.

"I had arrived. I was a recognized reporter of ability. I had beaten older men in the profession. I had been praised by my editor and I was entitled to my little spree of conceit. Unconsciously I settled back to enjoy a few days of living on my reputation. Then life handed me a jolt. I missed one of the big stories of the year. I know why I missed it, too, but I have never confessed it to anyone but myself until now. I neglected to visit one of the outlying police stations, according to custom and rule. It was my duty to go there at least once a day. I didn't go because I was sure that if anything worthwhile happened the officer would telephone to me. He knew me and my reputation.

"'Say,' said the city editor that noon, 'where were you last night?'

"'On the job,' I replied.

"'It doesn't look like it,' he replied. 'You fell down hopelessly on that big burglary story.'

"'What burglary story?'

"He showed me the opposition paper, containing a front-page article of which I had not heard the slightest hint. My reputation had let me down. Three days before I had been filled with pride; today I was humbled and temporarily in disgrace.

"But I had learned my lesson. No more sprees of conceit for me! I'd forget yesterday, no matter what happened, and face today's work as though I had no reputation. Since then I have always found it better to keep myself humble than have life come along and humble me. There is no place on any pay roll for a man who is living on his reputation. The man who has quit trying has quit producing."

And as regards magazine editors, he says:

"My own experience is that I have never done poor work but that editors spotted it. I had it happen to me recently. I had promised an editor a bit of work, but I put it off, until finally a telegraphic appeal from him determined me to rush it through. I was tired but I went at it, not with a desire to do my best but with an eagerness to get it finished and be done with it.

" 'I'll take anything you'll write,' he said to me in a letter. I took him at his word and learned another lesson. An editor who would do that would not remain an editor for long. He may say it, but he doesn't mean it.

"I rushed off that manuscript to him. It was poor stuff and I knew it and was ashamed of it. But he had said he would take anything I would write. I had a chance to get by on my reputation. It didn't work.

"In less than a week the manuscript was back on my desk with a personal note from the editor:

" 'Dear Eddie,' he wrote, 'I am disappointed in this. It isn't in your best vein. It isn't like you, or worthy of you. It reads as though you had just slapped it out for a space filler. Look it over again and see if I'm not right.'

"I didn't have to look it over. I knew he was right. I knew it was poor stuff when I sent it out, and I should have been ashamed of myself if it had appeared.

"The world is quick to discover a falling off in quality.

" 'He isn't as good as he used to be,' is one of the commonest phrases of human speech."

As regards unwritten material, very few of the most reputable magazines will commit themselves to such unless it is in the case of the editor ordering some particular story or article from a writer. This was always a cardinal point with Edward Bok, editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, who

also refused to accept or print articles just because they were the work of well known persons. It is significant here to note that Mr. Bok says he found the greater the man the more willing he was that his work should stand or fall on its merit, and that the editor should retain his prerogative of declination — if he deemed it wise to use it. On this subject he once wrote:[1]

"Rudyard Kipling was, and is, a notable example of this broad and just policy. His work is never imposed upon an editor; it is invariably submitted, in its completed form, for acceptance or declination. 'Wait until it's done,' said Kipling once to me as he outlined a story to me which I liked, 'and see whether you want it. You can't tell until then.' (What a difference from the type of author who insists that an editor take his or her story before a line is written!)

" 'I told Watt to send you,' he writes to me, 'the first four of my child stories (you see I hadn't forgotten my promise) and they may serve to amuse you for a while personally, even if you don't use them for publication. Frankly, I don't myself see how they can be used for the L. H. J.; but they're part of a scheme of mine for trying to give children *not* a notion of history, but a notion of time sense which is at the bottom of all knowledge of history; and history, rightly understood means the love of one's fellow-men and the land one lives in.'

"James Whitcomb Riley was another who believed that an editor should have the privilege of saying 'No' if he so elected. When Riley was writing a series of poems for me, the latter, not liking the poem which the Hoosier poet sent

[1]From "The Americanization of Edward Bok," copyrighted, New York: Scribner's. The author has changed Mr. Bok's discourse in this excerpt from the third to first person.

him, returned it to him. I wondered how Riley would receive a declination — naturally a rare experience. But his immediate answer settled the question:

" 'Thanks equally for your treatment of both poems, (he wrote), the one accepted and the other returned. Maintain your own opinions and respect, and my vigorous esteem for you shall remain "deep rooted in the fruitful soil." No occasion for apology whatever. In my opinion, you are wrong; in your opinion, you are right; therefore, you *are* right, — at least righter than wronger. It is seldom that I drop other work for logic, but when I do, as my grandfather was wont to sturdily remark, "it is to some purpose I can promise you."

" 'Am goin' to try mighty hard to send you the dialect work you've so long wanted; in a few weeks at furtherest. "Patience and shuffle the cards."

" 'I am really, just now, stark and bare of one common sense idea. In the writing line, I was never so involved before and see to end to the ink — (an humorous voluntary provocative, I trust of much merriment)—creasing pressure of it all. Even the hope of waking to find myself famous is denied me, since I haven't time in which to fall asleep. Therefore, very drowsily and yawningly, indeed, I am your

James Whitcomb Riley'

"Neither did the President of the United States consider himself above a possible declination of his material, if it seemed advisable to the editor. In 1916 Woodrow Wilson wrote to me:

" 'Sometime ago you kindly intimated to me that you would like to publish an article from me. At first it seemed impossible for me to undertake anything of the kind, but I have found a little interval in which I have written something

on Mexico which I hope you will think worthy of publication. If not, will you return it to me?'

"The President, too, acted as an intermediary in turning authors in my direction, when the way opened. In a letter written not on the official White House letterhead, but on his personal 'up-stairs' stationery, as it is called, he asks:

" 'Will you do me the favor of reading the enclosed to see if it is worthy of your acceptance for The Journal, or whether you think it indicates that the writer, with a few directions and suggestions might be useful to you?'

" 'It was written by ————. She is a woman of great refinement, of a very unusually broad social experience, and of many exceptional gifts, who thoroughly knows what she is writing about, whether she has yet discovered the best way to set it forth or not. She is one of the most gifted and resourceful hostesses I have known, but has now fallen upon hard times.

" 'Among other things that she really knows, she really does know thoroughly old furniture and all kinds of china worth knowing.

" 'Pardon me if I have been guilty of an indiscretion in sending this direct to you. I am throwing myself upon your indulgence in my desire to help a splendid woman.

" 'She has a great collection of recipes which housekeepers would like to have. Does a serial cook-book sound like nonsense?'

"A further point in editing which I always kept in view was the rule that the editor must always be given the privilege of editing a manuscript. My invariable rule was, of course, to submit editing for approval, but here again the bigger the personality back of the material, the more willing the author was to have his manuscript 'blue penciled,' if he were convinced

that the deletions or condensations improved or at least did not detract from his arguments. It was the small author who ever resented the touch of the editorial pencil upon his precious effusions.

"As a matter of fact there are few authors who cannot be edited with advantage, and it would be infinitely better for our reading if this truth was applied to some of the literature of today.

"I had once under my hand a story by Mark Twain, which I believed contained passages that should be deleted. They represented a goodly portion of the manuscript. They were, however, taken out, and the result submitted to the humorist. The answer was curious. Twain evidently saw that I was right, for he wrote: 'Of course, I want every single word and line of it left out,' and then added: "Do me the favor to call the next time you are again in Hartford. I want to say things which—well, I want to argue with you.' I never knew what those 'things' were, for at the next meeting they were not referred to.

"It is, perhaps a curious coincidence that all the Presidents of the United States whose work I had occasion to publish were uniformly liberal with regard to having their material edited.

"Colonel Roosevelt was always ready to concede improvement: 'Fine,' he wrote; 'the changes are much for the better. I never object to my work being improved, where it needs it, so long as the sense is not altered.'

"William Howard Taft wrote, after being subjected to editorial revision: 'You have done very well by my article. You have made it much more readable by your rearrangement.'

"Mr. Cleveland was very likely to let his interest in a subject run counter to the space exigencies of journalism; and, in

one instance, I had to reduce one of his articles considerably. I explained the reason and enclosed the revision.

" 'I am entirely willing to have the article cut down as you suggest,' wrote the former President. 'I find sufficient reason for this in the fact that the matter you suggest for elimination has been largely exploited lately. And in looking the matter over carefully, I am inclined to think that the article expurgated as you suggest will gain in unity and directness. At first, I feared it would appear a little "bobbed off," but you are a much better judge than I. . . . I leave it altogether to you.' "

And so with this the beginner in the art of writing has seen that there is but one route to having his work accepted by leading magazines and that is, after determining which publication carries matter of the kind he is about to submit, be certain it has true merit. One editor has said that the demand for high class magazine articles and stories is ever increasing, but in making this statement he was careful to emphasize the "high class." New blood is the thing which keeps the magazine fresh and the appealing institution that it is, so naturally the reward of the writer is great. But in such a noble calling as that of authorship and article writing, it seems that something more than the mere personal remunerative side should be considered. What great possibilities it would bring and what unheard of progress might follow if a generation of writers should be produced whose guiding thought would be that of an editor referred to in these pages, "Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it."

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